The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 100. Vol. XVII. JANUARY, 1900. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February *in the* March *number.*

The February number of "The Bookman" will be published as usual on the first of the month.

NEWS NOTES.

Booksellers are saying that our defeats will considerably depreciate the war books which are to follow this unhappy business in South Africa. The public, it is urged, does not care to re-read the finest descriptions of our defeats. So far as the announcements go, there will be war books from Mr. Julian Ralph, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Winston Churchill. For these the publishing arrangements are at present very difficult to make, the agents being unable to communicate with their clients in at least two cases. Under the circumstances they may do well to wait for victories.

We hear that Mr. Hall Caine has been exploding what he calls the profit fiction of the drama. So far his dramatic rights of "The Christian" have not brought him as much money as his book rights in the story. Plays, he says, which make a fortune for the author are very few and far between. In most cases a really successful novel pays better than a moderately successful play.

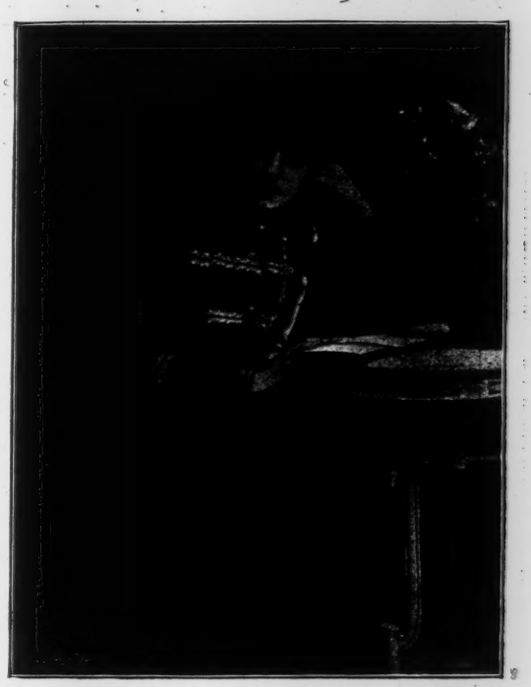
Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., the American publishers of Mr. Swinburne's last book, announce "a new edition of Swinburne's complete poems revised and rearranged by the author." It is probable, we may add, that Mr. Swinburne may prefix a new essay on his work to this edition.

Dean Stubbs of Ely has made a fairly successful lecturing tour in America under the auspices of Major Pond. An American critic remarks, "There is nothing sensational about Dean Stubbs's lectures or his appearance. He usually talks on literary subjects, and he looks every inch a Dean. England has sent us such a curious lot of lecturers within the last few years that it is a blessed relief to hear and see one who has been engaged simply on his merits and not because of anything 'freakish' in his matter or manner." The references in the last sentence are unmistakable.

Mr. E. L. Godkin, the most eminent of American journalists, has retired from his position as editor of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*. Mr. Godkin founded the *Nation* when he was thirty-four years old, and he has continued it for just that period. It is eighteen years since he became editor of the New York *Evening Post*, formerly conducted by William Cullen Bryant. Mr. Godkin has fought his way fearlessly through many storms, and although the circulation of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation* is not very large, it is thoroughly sound. The *Evening Post* is believed to be on a better and more solid financial basis than some New York newspapers that count their circulation by the hundred thousand.

We have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. F. Stanley Service, formerly of Service and Paton, has been appointed manager of the publishing business of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson and Co., Ltd.—a post where his great business ability will find full scope.

Amongst living people who have seen Sir Walter Scott the Rev. Frederick Buick, who has been minister of a Presbyterian church at Ahoghill, near Ballymena, for the extraordinary period of sixty-four years, and who is still in active service. Mr. Buick, when at school at Edgeworthstown, saw Sir Walter Scott, who was then visiting Miss Edgeworth. Sir Walter visited the school where Mr. Buick was a pupil, and the old clergyman still remembers him as almost a huge man in size and build, somewhat lame, and with his hair massed upon his forehead.



From photo by] MRS. DE LA PASTURE. [*Bassano.*

Further particulars are to hand of the affairs of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, New York. The corporation has been dissolved, and a receiver has been appointed on the application of Mr. George L. Rives, acting on behalf of the directors. Mr. Rives, in the course of his remarks to the Court, referred to the fact that the ordinary petition asking

for a voluntary dissolution of a domestic corporation had been filed with the schedules annexed. The assets are estimated at 6,282,716.55 dols., while the liabilities amount to 3,163,212.19 dols. The liabilities are distributed as follows:—

	Dols.
Five per cent. mortgage bonds sold	200,000.00
Mortgage on house 163, West Twenty-first Street	6,000.00
*Floating debt	2,813,421.26
Due to authors, wages, etc. (estimated) . ..	66,000.00
Due for unexpired subscriptions, advertisements paid for but not yet printed, etc.	77,790.93
Total	3,163,212.19

The last item, subscriptions, advertisements, etc., represents liabilities which will probably be wiped out in the course of issuing the various Harper periodicals. Further proceedings have been deferred till March 28th.

These legal proceedings are stated to be steps in the general scheme of reorganising the company which was started recently by the action of J. P. Morgan and Co. in calling upon the State Trust Company to take possession of the property of Harper and Brothers because the company could not pay the claim of 850,000 dols. held by J. P. Morgan and Co. The State Trust Company was empowered to do this by the terms of the mortgage which Harper and Brothers gave it, and which is due in 1997. A receiver is now applied for in order to protect all the creditors of the company.

Harper and Brothers was incorporated in October, 1896, with a capital stock of 2,000,000 dols., and it promptly

Facsimile of the title-page of the edition de luxe of the writings of Mark Twain.

gave to the State Trust Company a three million dollar mortgage to secure an issue of 5 per cent. bonds of that amount. It used 200,000 dols. of these bonds to satisfy various claims of different members of the Harper family. It pledged the remaining 2,800,000 dols. of the bonds with various parties as security for loans, 2,500,000 dols. of the bonds going to J. P. Morgan and Co. alone, and on this

MARK TWAIN, 1853-1859.
From the edition de luxe of the writings of Mark Twain.

security J. P. Morgan and Co. advanced to Harper and Brothers sums aggregating 850,000 dols. The total amount Harper and Brothers got on all the 2,800,000 dols. worth of bonds it pledged was about 1,100,000 dols. Some 1,700,000 dols. of totally unsecured liabilities, bills payable, etc., go with the 1,100,000 dols. aforesaid to make up the sum of 2,813,421.26 dols. which has been put down in the schedule as "floating debt."

We are glad to print the following letter from Mr. Robert McClure:

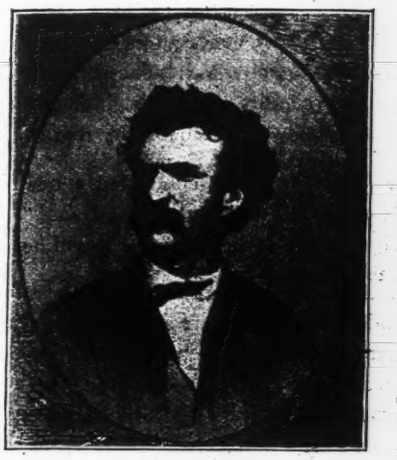
"Referring to the paragraph in your issue for December, with reference to the McClure-Harper alliance, I wish to correct two statements therein:

First: The alliance or working arrangement was not between the Doubleday and McClure Co. and the Harpers, but between Mr. S. S. McClure personally and his immediate associates, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Brady, Mr. Doubleday, and myself.

Second: The alliance was not, as stated, 'abandoned with the consent of Mr. McClure as soon as several members of Harper and Brothers, who were not within reach at the time of the negotiations, returned to New York.' On the contrary, every member of the firm was present when the negotiations were concluded, and signed the preliminary agreement under which Mr. McClure assumed control of the business and secured an option to purchase a controlling ownership. Some months later Mr. McClure decided to exercise his right to withdraw from the agreement and surrender his option.

It was not until after his withdrawal that negotiations were opened with Colonel Harvey which resulted in his becoming President of the Harper Company."

* About 1,100,000 dols. of the floating debt is secured by the pledges of mortgage bonds.



MARK TWAIN.
Frontispiece of the first volume of the author's edition.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins' new novel, "Quisanté," will be published in this country and in America in book form in the early autumn of next year. With this book Mr. Hawkins appears to be making a fresh departure, as we understand it is not to be issued first in serial form.

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) has recently completed the MS. of a new novel which will be published in book form in the early spring of the new year.

Mr. Jerome, who is still living abroad, is reported to have begun the writing of a long novel which will be altogether different in style from his published works, "Three Men in a Boat," "Idle Thoughts," etc., etc. Mr. Jerome expects to be busy with this work during the greater part of next year. Mr. Jerome's new play, "Miss Hobbs," still continues to be one of the most successful productions at present running in the States.

Messrs. George Newnes are, we hear, about to issue a sixpenny edition of Mr. William Le Queux's very successful novel, "England's Peril." Messrs. Newnes recently paid Mr. Le Queux a large sum for the privilege of running this story serially through the columns of *Tit-Bits*.

Mr. Leonard Merrick has written a new novel for publication through Messrs. Sir W. C. Leng and Co.'s syndicate of newspapers.

We understand that the publication of Mr. Beckles Wilson's exhaustive history of the Hudson Bay Company has been postponed until the early spring of the new year.

Mr. Max Pemberton is writing a new serial story for publication next year in the *Windsor Magazine*, where it will probably follow Mr. Guy Boothby's novel, entitled "Long Live the King," now running.

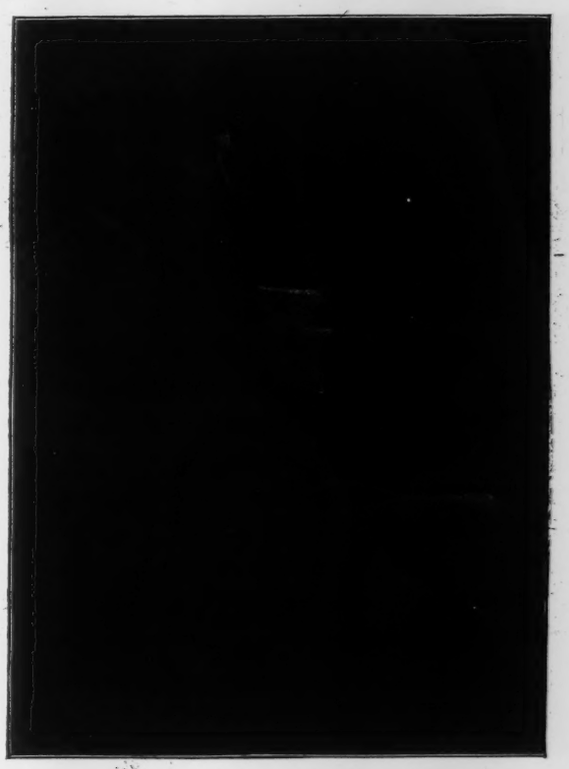
The popularity of Mr. R. W. Chambers' work in this country is making steady advances, and it is no secret that the novel from his pen which is the new serial in *Chambers' Magazine* is in the opinion of those competent to judge the best which has yet come from his pen. In America it will be published simultaneously in one of Messrs. Harper's periodicals.

Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel will be published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. in February next.

Mr. Richard Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street" continues its successful career in America, and when we last heard from the publishers they were looking forward confidently to its sale reaching 35,000 copies before Christmas.

The Century Co. will publish next autumn, in a beautifully illustrated volume, the papers on Paris which Mr. Whiteing will contribute during the early months of the new year to their magazine. The pictures are by Castaigne.

Mr. Barry Pain has completed his historical drama, and



MR. H. G. WELLS.

it is now in the hands of a West End manager. Mr. Pain is to be the guest of the Whitefriars Club at an early date.

The first story of the new series of Night Road Romances which Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has written will appear in the January number of *Pearson's Magazine*.

We are glad to learn that Mr. William Stevens has not retired from the editorship of the *Leisure Hour*, though his duties are now shared by another.

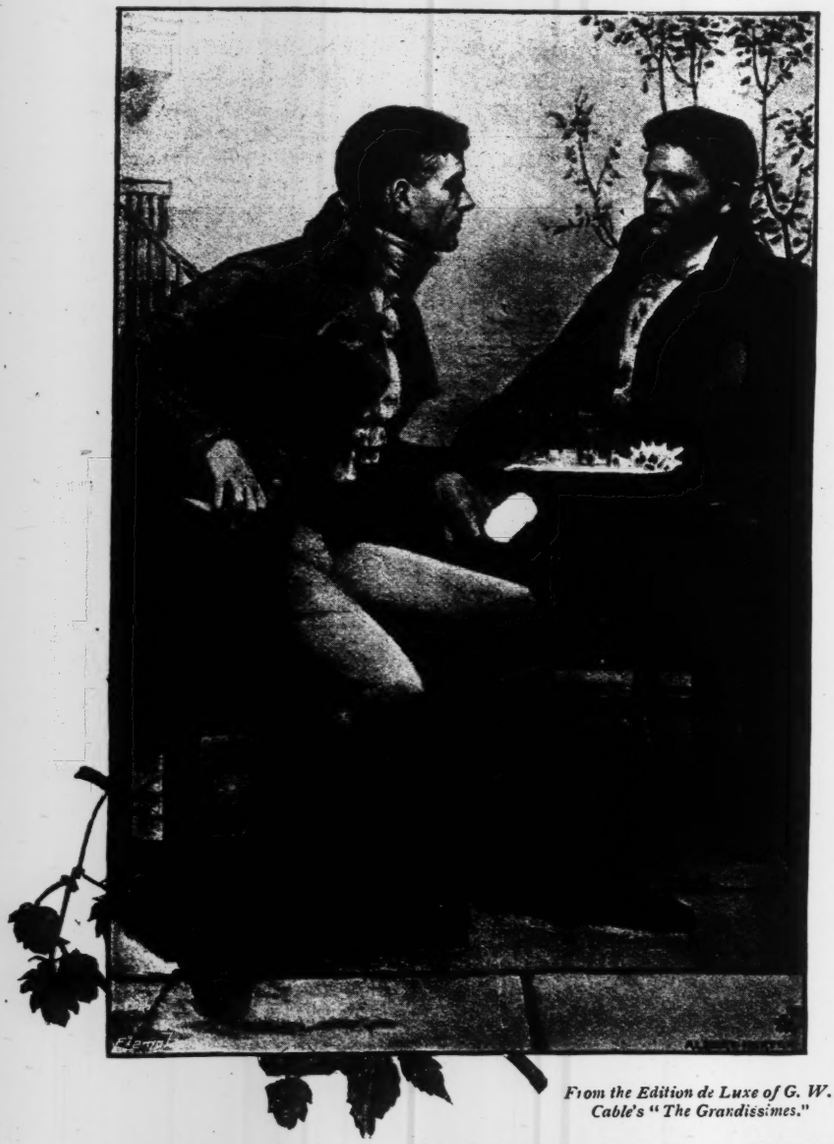
The death is announced at Iowa City, on September 9th last, of Mrs. Sarah Newsome, at the age of ninety-three years. Mrs. Newsome (Sarah De Garrs) was the nursery governess and friend of the Brontë children. The New York *Critic* prints the letter written to her many years ago by the father of the Brontës. It is unlike many other so-called Brontë letters. It is evidently genuine, and will be read with interest:—

MR. A. B. WALKLEY.
From photo by H. S. Mendelssohn.

"*July* 12, 1855.

"Mrs. Sarah Newsome, Crawfordsville, Iowa, U.S.A.

"DEAR MRS. NEWSOME,—I have duly received your kind letter and am glad to learn from it that you and your husband and family are well and doing well in the new world.



From the Edition de Luxe of G. W. Cable's "The Grandissimes."

May God bless and protect you all, both in things spiritual and temporal!

"Since you were with me many solemn and important changes have taken place in my domestic affairs. When you and your sister Nancy first came to us at Thornton, my dear children were living, seven in number. They are dead, and I, hovering on the age of eighty years, am left alone. But it is God's will to do this, and it is our duty and wisdom to resign.

"You probably little thought that the children you nursed on your knees would be as much noticed by the world as they have been. Emily and Anne wrote and published clever books, and Charlotte's writings and fame are known in all parts of the world where genius and learning are held in due estimation. My dear daughter Charlotte was the last child I had living. She married the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, a very worthy and respectable clergyman, and their union was happy as long as it lasted, but at the end of nine months this happy union was dissolved by my daughter's death. Her loving husband and I are left to mourn her irreparable loss. She died childless.

"Your sister Nancy was here a few months since, and from her we learned that your family were all well. The weather here is favourable, crops are promising, and trade on the improvement. I am glad America, in these respects, is in a prosperous condition.

"My children and I often thought and talked of you. Write a few lines to let me know whether you have duly received this letter.

"I remain,

"Your Sincere Friend,

"P. BRONTE,

"*Incumbent of Haworth, Yorkshire.*"

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has written a new novel dealing with the war in La Vendée, touching both the insurrection and the civil war. The period is the end of the last century and the beginning of this, and an exceedingly picturesque story results.

Mr. Percy White has just concluded a new book, which he calls "The Heart of the Danar." It is somewhat in his earlier mood. It will be published in the spring.

The determination not to write short stories, at least as a habit, is growing among some of the more popular authors. Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mr. J. M. Barrie have written no short stories for some while, and Dr. Conan Doyle, we believe, has produced but two or three in as many years. Mr. Quiller Couch, on the other hand, is reported to be busy with several short stories just now.

Mr. Thomas Hardy will contribute a story to Mr. Clement Shorter's new illustrated paper—as will Mr. Quiller Couch, Ouida, Mr. Frankfort Moore, and a number of the more popular writers.

We give portraits this month of Mrs. de la Pasture, the author of those striking novels, "Deborah of Tod's" and "Adam Grigson," of Mr. A. B. Walkley, whose volume of causeries, "Frames of Mind," we reviewed last month, and a new photograph of Mr. H. G. Wells.

By the kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus we are able to reproduce this month some of the striking illustrations from their new edition de luxe of the writings of Mark Twain.

Another magnificent volume which will receive a hearty welcome from all bookmen is the edition de luxe of Mr. Cable's delightful novel, "The Grandissimes." We reproduce one of the very striking and beautiful illustrations.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 9TH, 1899.

THE WAR AND THE BOOK TRADE.

At the first glance it might seem that there was little connection between them, but unfortunately this is not the case. There is a serious falling off in business, a very noticeable curtailment of orders. This is partly owing to the interest evinced in the war news contained in the daily and evening papers, leaving little time for more profitable reading, and partly to the fact that so many high families and others have been plunged into mourning by the sad losses, more especially among the officers, in South Africa. Even where this is not the case the anxiety felt for the safety of those now serving in the front has completely set aside the question of book-buying, for the present at any rate. Unfortunately, the bookseller's winter stock was bought, and the bulk of it delivered, before the declaration

of hostilities, so that he had no means of reducing his purchases.

In the export division the South African orders are suffering from the disturbed state of affairs, but the foreign and general colonial requirements are about as usual.

There is a small redeeming feature amid all this depression of business. It is that the war has created a literature of its own, which is much sought after. The leading work is Fitzpatrick's "The Transvaal from Within"; and "The Story of an African Farm," Theal's "South Africa," and Hendry's "Majuba" are in good demand. A number of smaller treatises and a few reprints are selling freely.

Although affected by the general decline, the 6s. novel is still an important item of trade. "Red Pottage" is the favourite, "The King's Mirror" comes next, and others follow at a distance.

A peculiar feature of the present season is the falling off in the sales of children's books. One would think that they would be the last to suffer. The "Ugly Beast" book has had its day, but some really beautiful children's books are being passed over. The more popular writers for the young, such as G. Henty, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Yonge, receive due attention. A 3s. 6d. issue of Edna Lyall's novels has been well received, and the uniform edition of "Kipling" still sells satisfactorily, as also the same author's "Stalky and Co."

The Magazine world continues much as usual. The leading issues appear to be *The Woman at Home, Strand, Pearson's, Harper's, Harmsworth's*, and *Pall Mall*, other popular ones following them closely.

The appended list gives as usual the works in demand at present, but in no instance is the number sold so large as it might have been in more favourable times.

Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
The King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Kipling's Works, Uniform Edition. 6s. each. (Macmillan.)
Stalky and Co. By Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
A Corner of the West. By E. H. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
One Hour and the Next. By M. Sutherland. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Slave. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Mammon and Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Orange Girl. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Stepmother. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (F. V. White.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
Terence. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
Tales of Space and Time. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)
Miranda of the Balcony. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Highways, etc., of Yorkshire. By A. H. Norway. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
South Africa. By G. Mc. C. Theal. 5s. (Unwin.)
Majuba, etc. By H. Hendry. 2s. (Richards.)
Story of an African Farm. By O. Schreiner. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
Impressions of S. Africa. By J. Bryce. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The 3s. 6d. edition of Edna Lyall's Novels. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Dr. Parker: An Autobiography. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Won by the Sword. By G. Henty. 6s. (Blackie.)
A Roving Commission. By G. Henty. 6s. (Blackie.)
No Surrender. By G. Henty. 5s. (Blackie.)
Old-Fashioned Children's Books. By A. W. Tuer. 6s. (Leadenhall Press.)
Paolo and Francesca. By S. Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
The Scarlet Woman. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)
Ten Shillings a Week per Head. By C. S. Peel. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)
The Head Boy. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d. (National Society.)
Life of Bishop How. By F. D. How. 6s. (Isbister.)
Embroidery. By W. G. P. Townsend. 3s. 6d. net. (Truslove.)
This and That. By Mrs. Molesworth. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
The Parson's Daughter. By E. Marshall. 5s. (Seeley.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Nov. 25—A fair week in home departments. Foreign and colonial business moderate.
Dec. 2—Trade quiet for time of year. Colonial and continental requirements still moderate.
Dec. 9—A disappointing week for the season, which was slightly reflected in the foreign and colonial divisions.

(2) SCOTLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 12TH, 1899.

During the weeks under review constant additions were made to the number of publications for Christmas trade. Much enterprise was shown by all the leading firms in producing gift books of artistic merit, not only in illustrations, but also in bindings. From the humblest nursery book to the "Red Book of Animal Stories," by Andrew Lang, the imaginations of the young people were amply provided for.

After all these extensive preparations for a brisk season it was disappointing that the absorbing interest in the war seriously affected general business. The daily paper, the illustrated weekly, and the war map were everywhere.

The most popular book continued to be "The Transvaal from Within," by J. P. Fitzpatrick; and, on account of the keen criticism it evoked, the revised edition of Mr. Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa" was asked for. Mr. Rider Haggard's "Last Boer War" sold in hundreds. Everything bearing upon the history of the Transvaal was eagerly purchased, and in this connection may be noted the success of Dr. Theal's "South Africa," published in the "Story of the Nations Series."

The enormous demand for illustrated journals of the war rather increased, and it was surprising how every new venture met with ready buyers.

The best selling six shilling novel was "Red Pottage," by Miss Cholmondeley, and in biography, the books of the season, "R. L. Stevenson's Letters" and "The Life of Sir J. E. Millais," had a steady sale.

In the Famous Scots Series the volume on Thomas Campbell was successful, and the demand for Graham's "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century" was maintained.

In religious circles Dr. Matheson's "Studies of the Portrait of Christ" and Drummond's "New Evangelism" were the most popular books, and Dr. Miller's beautifully illustrated booklet, "Unto the Hills," proved to be the souvenir of the Christmas season.

In common with books, the sales of the magazines were also seriously affected by the war literature, and many of the shilling numbers and the Christmas issues of the leading weekly periodicals did not meet with their usual success.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (Arnold.)
Gilian the Dreamer. By N. Munro. 6s. (Isbister.)
The Last Boer War. By H. Rider Haggard. 1s. (Kegan Paul.)
Impressions of South Africa. By J. Bryce, M.P. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Studies of the Portrait of Christ. By Dr. Matheson. 6s. (Hodder.)
Life of Sir John E. Millais. 32s. net. (Methuen.)
R. L. Stevenson's Letters. 20s. net. (Methuen.)
One Hour and the Next. By M. Sutherland 6s. (Methuen.)
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Slave. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Wine on the Lees. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Stalky and Co. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
South Africa. By Dr. Theal. 5s. (Unwin.)
They That Walk in Darkness. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Unto the Hills. By Dr. Miller. 1s. (Hodder.)
Two Miss Jeffreys. By David Lyall. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Lion and the Unicorn. By R. H. Davis. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century. By H. G. Graham. 24s. (Black)
Red Rat's Daughter. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

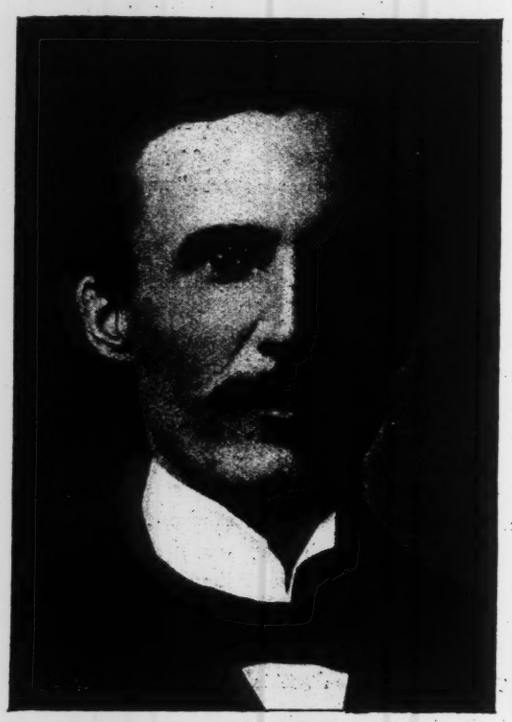
NEW PUBLISHERS.

MESSRS. F. E. ROBINSON AND CO.

It is about two years since Mr. F. E. Robinson founded the firm of F. E. Robinson and Co., which has speedily established a place for itself chiefly by its admirable series of University and College Histories which from time to time we have reviewed. Such men as the Bishop of Bristol, Rev. Dr. Fowler, Rev. Hastings Rashdall, Professor Macneile Dixon, and other expert authorities have contributed volumes to this series.

Messrs. F. E. Robinson and Co. are also the publishers of the *Home Counties Magazine*, a topographical magazine, with which is incorporated "Middlesex and Hertfordshire Notes and Queries."

Mr. Robinson is a Cambridge man, and was an Exhibitioner of Corpus Christi College, where he took honours in



MR. F. E. ROBINSON.

1887. His partner in business is Mr. H. G. Boulton, who joined him early this year.

In our Christmas supplement we gave one of the illustrations from "Somaliland," by Mr. C. V. A. Peel, F.Z.S.,

From Photo by] MR. H. G. BOULTON. *Van der Weyde.*

who was the first white man to explore the heart of the Marehan and Haweea countries. This most interesting and valuable work is one of the most notable of Messrs. Robinson and Co.'s autumn publications. It is an exceedingly handsome volume. For the most part the firm publish academic and topographical works.

MR. S. T. FREEMANTLE.

Mr. S. T. Freemantle's list of publications this year is not a very long one—some three or four books only—but he has a lengthy list in preparation for next year. We have already drawn attention in the review columns to the tasteful and most artistic editions which he has put upon the market, books which certainly augur well for the future of his business.

Mr. S. T. Freemantle commenced his business career with Messrs. George Routledge and Sons. He was for a short time in the retail trade in the City, after which he was with Messrs. Skeffington and Son and Mr. J. C. Nimmo for a short period, afterwards returning to Messrs. Skeffington and Son.

Mr. Freemantle is a firm believer in the principle and future of the net system, and all his books without exception are issued at net prices. Mr. Freemantle states that he considers the publicity given in the daily and other papers relative to the cost and details concerned with the publication of books is greatly to be deprecated. "You will find this state of affairs," he says, "in no other profession or trade, and the inferences which the public is pleased to draw from the 'little knowledge' thus obtained are often truly amazing." He is of opinion, too, that the day of the "cheap and nasty" book is almost gone, and that there is a great future before the really artistic production.

Mr. Freemantle numbers among his authors such well-

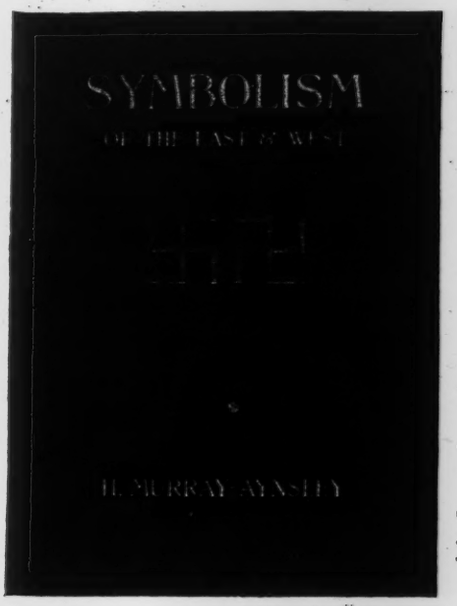
known names as Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, Dean Hole, Mr. Andrew Lang, Canon Scott-Holland, Dr. Monro Gibson, etc., etc., and among artists, Mr. J. G. Keulemans, Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. Robert Anning Bell, Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan, etc.

Mr. Freemantle has a number of interesting and important new works in preparation, and we learn with particular pleasure that Mr. Teixeira de Maltos is busily engaged for him upon a translation of the famous "Memoires d'outre Tombe of Chateaubriand," which will be issued in about six volumes.

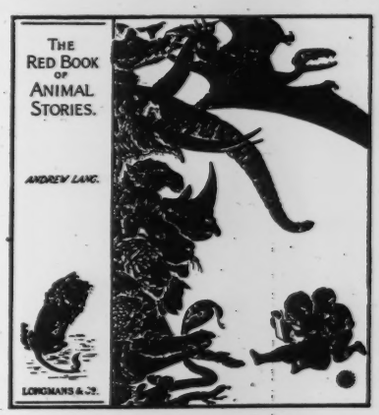
From Photo by] MR. S. T. FREEMANTLE. *[London Stereoscopic Co.*

SOME NEW BOOK COVERS.

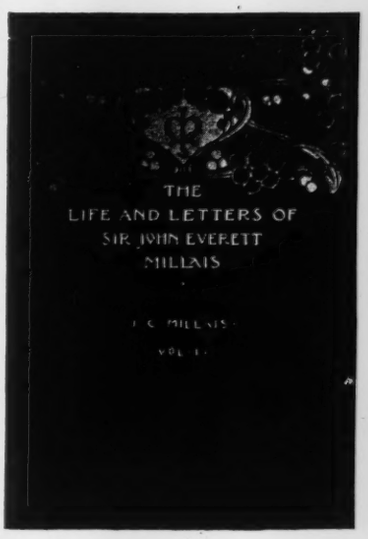
MR. H. MURRAY-AYNSLEY'S volume on "Symbolism," published by Mr. George Redway, is bound in a peacock-blue linen with the design in gold. The decoration of the binding is very simple, significant of the contents of the book, and effective. On the upper side, immediately below the title, is a representation, stamped in gold, of the right and left handed *swastikas*, or gamadions; while on the back of the binding, occupying the whole space between the title and the publisher's name at the foot, is a most interesting representation of the Assyrian Tree of Life, as traditionally reproduced at Bijnur, in the North West Provinces of India. It is there used in the decoration of articles of ebony with ivory inlaid in the form of dots of various sizes, connected, where necessary, by narrow lines of ivory or brass. The Tree of Life on the back of Mr. Murray-Aynsley's book is stamped in gold, and is taken from a Bijnur ebony walking stick which had been in the family of the original possessor more than 100 years. It stands on a seven-stepped pyramid of 28 dots, has 12 lateral branches, 6 on each side, each bearing 1 large dot at the point, and 2 smaller ones below, making 36 dots in all, evidently referring to the 12 zodiacal signs and the 24 subsidiary decans; while at the top it spreads into 7



branches—referring to the 7 planets—made up of 19 dots, that is the total 12 signs and 7 planets. The total number of dots is 84, that is 12 multiplied by 7, and regarded as a most sacred number in India, alike by Hindus, Buddhists, and Mussulmans. Above the Tree of Life has been added a representation of the rayed sun, not found in the original design.



The cover for Mr. Andrew Lang's "Red Book of Animals," of which we show the back and side design, is bound in smooth scarlet cloth, with the design in gold. The design is the work of Mr. Ford, and the book is bound and published by Messrs. Longmans.



The cover for the "Life of Sir John Millais," published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., is designed by Mr. G. A. Perman, and is executed by Messrs. Leighton, Son, and Hodge in gold upon a dark blue cloth.

The cover of the "Rose of Judah," published by Messrs. Pearsons', is designed by Mr. Harold Pifford, and executed in grey, scarlet, and black

upon a blue-grey linen by Messrs. Key and Whiting.

An effective cover has been designed for Mr. Percy White's new novel,

"The Infatuation of the Countess," published by Messrs. Sands and Co. It is carried out in black and white upon an orange-tinted linen.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have given a very attractive cover to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which they are publishing

in parts. We have reproduced the design on the cover of Part I.

THE READER.

THE WESSEX NOVELS.

THE promised publication of a volume of short stories from the pen of the most distinguished of living English prose-writers suggests the idea of a rapid survey of his works up to the present. Born, as we learn from "Men of the Time," on June 2nd, 1840, Mr. Hardy must have been nearly thirty years of age before he tried his hand at the kind of work in which he was to make so great a name. This calculation, indeed, allows for a beginner's slowness of production, for "Desperate Remedies" was not published until 1871. The authority already quoted tells us that, on its first appearance, the book was "equally praised and condemned." But fashion in novels has altered since that date, and on the whole what strikes a reader of the present day is that seldom have such high achievements been heralded by less promising beginnings. The book may be described as a "sensation novel" in the school of Miss Braddon, but it lacks the clear and orderly-unfolded plot of such successes in the same kind as "Henry Dunbar" and "Aurora Floyd." A more destructive defect than this, however, is the author's betrayal of the fact that he does not take his own plot seriously. De Quincey, in his fantastic narratives, would sometimes allow this to appear with good effect. But here our characters move in realms, not of fantasy, but of supposed actuality, so that when the author exhibits the villain of his piece in act of chasing his heroine round a table—she diving beneath it, he leaping over it, as occasion offers—then an irrepressible smile hovers on our lips. And one smile misplaced is death to melodrama. With "Under the Greenwood Tree," however, Mr. Hardy may be said, in the following year, to have found his feet, and if not actually to have come into possession of his kingdom of Arcadia, at least to have been served heir to it. It is true that the motive of the new book—the sudden caprice and immediate repentance of a village beauty—is inadequate; whilst, perhaps in consequence of this, most of its scenes are too diffusely treated. Nevertheless, it is here that the authentic voice of the latest, and by far the greatest, of the writers of England's Pastorals is for the first time heard. We might expatiate further on this idyll, but the traveller before whom lies a wide and rich country must not loiter over daisied turf. The love-episode of Fancy Day had moved in that region of happy youthful courtship which lies most remote from strain and stress; but "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1873) revealed its author's power of dealing with adult character, with passion and with tragedy. This novel was, we believe, the favourite of the late Poet Laureate among Mr. Hardy's novels written before his death; and, though in style and art it has not the full effect of its immediate successors, there are some respects in which it still remains unsurpassed. Certainly the hapless Elfride—the owner of the eyes not of heavenly but of earthly blue—so frail in body yet so strangely capable of rising to a great occasion, so womanly-impulsive, loving, and inconsequent, the martyr of her own individuality,—certainly, in the ranks of Mr. Hardy's heroines, she holds her own as the most pathetic and, perhaps, the best beloved. The world, however, seems to have thought otherwise; for—neither unwisely hastening, nor too long delaying—it allowed a few instalments of "Far from the Madding Crowd" to appear in the *Cornhill Magazine* of 1874 before definitely hailing Mr. Hardy as the "coming man." Perhaps the world was right; for the former book—fine as it was—as we have hinted still lacked the finish and *aplomb* of perfect consummation. But, of the new volume, what, after its five-and-twenty years of popularity, shall one find fresh to say? That to have been in one's "teens" when it appeared, to have "received the shock" of its impression upon a "simple mind," is something to rank among the best experiences of a life; or, speaking more soberly, that in it for the first time seemed to be depicted the life of the country—its

characters, humours, and drama, no less than its backgrounds and its atmosphere, as these things appear to those who have spent, not an occasional holiday, but their lives among them? And it may here be said that the country and rustic life are to Mr. Hardy as was Earth to Antæus. From it he draws his finest inspiration; whilst, as is shown in "A Laodicean" and some scenes of "The Well-beloved," it is in the presence of artificial and conventional characters, and in the exhausted air of crowded drawing-rooms, if at all, that his genius flags. To the pure and charming comedy of "The Hand of Ethelberta," however, this statement does not apply. Though played in more or less sophisticated localities, by *dramatis personæ* drawn from "Society" and its dependencies, its exquisitely arch and piquant scenes constitute a unique revelation of a certain side of Mr. Hardy's talent, the loss of which would be deplored by all Hardeians. From this lightest effort of his genius—a gem in its kind—the author passed to what is probably the grandest, certainly the most artistically perfect, of the products of his tragic inspiration. In 1878, "The Return of the Native" ran through the numbers of a somewhat obscure London magazine; and thus, without flourish of trumpets or critical acclamation, was launched into the world a book for which—I speak with due recognition of the futility of exaggeration—a claim may well be put forward that it is the finest novel in the language. It is a tragedy of purely pagan inspiration—conceived, indeed, after the old classic model of Æschylus and Sophocles—its motive being to exhibit the contrast between the power of Circumstance, with the impassive permanence of Nature, and the fleeting ineffectual character of the suffering race of mortals. But, as in the old Greek dramatists, the harshness of this gloomy and terrible theme is tempered and softened by the beauty with which it is exhibited—a beauty, in Hardy, of a somewhat bizarre cast, and perhaps the more fascinating upon that account—a beauty, it may also be said, from which results a singular irony and pathos, as though a child should deck with flowers its prison-cell, or the tomb which is soon to receive it. To aspire to indicate, in the course of a mere press-article, the power and splendour of such a creation, were the very madness of presumption; and the writer can but content himself with saying that he hopes at no distant date to return to his theme, under circumstances which shall admit of his doing greater justice—if not, indeed, to that theme—at least to his own sense of its greatness. "The Trumpet-Major," (1880), forms an ideal contrast or pendant to the work which it immediately followed. An old-world tale of love and of the echoes and adjuncts of war as they affect a peaceful rural locality, it may be characterised, among its author's books, as that in which he has expressed the largest amount of human affection and of humour, and drawn the most winning and endearing picture of life. It contains the fullest measure of that picturesqueness which is so deliberately extruded from "Jude," and—to employ the word in its immediate sense—is the most "delightful" of the Wessex Novels.

The four books last described may be grouped together as representing the work of the earlier period of Mr. Hardy's maturity—the period, that is, during which most of sheer beauty enters into that work. "A Laodicean" (*Harper's Magazine*, 1881) opens with a scene of pure humour as delicately irresistible as any delineated by the same hand. But this first promise is not sustained; and, indeed, were it necessary to sacrifice one among the author's works, this is certainly that one with which, speaking for ourselves, we would least reluctantly part. "Two on a Tower" (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1882) is rich in the possession of one of the most charming and, perhaps excepting Elfride, the most lovable of the author's heroines—heroines, it may be said, who form a company of girls and women probably the truest to womanhood and the most irresistible to manhood created by any one writer since Shakespeare. In other respects, however, the story, clever as it is, strikes us as showing some traces of effort in the conception and hardness in the execution. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (*Graphic*, 1886) ranks, with "The Return of the Native," as perhaps the finest example of the novelist's *constructive* skill—of that "architectural" character in his work to which Mr. Lionel Johnson has drawn attention in his "Art of Thomas Hardy"; whilst in the person of Giles Winterbourne of "The Woodlanders" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1886 1887), we have the noblest of his rustic characters,—indeed, with the exception of John Loveday, perhaps the only one to whom the (conventionally speaking) incongruous epithet of noble would be applied. For others, such as Oak and Diggory, are living, kindly, honest, shrewd, and serviceable men, admirable in their own place and circumstances. But Giles is raised by his pure and disinterested passion to a height far above these. With "The Woodlanders," another period in the novelist's career may be said to close; for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1891), and "Jude the Obscure" (1895), differ widely from their predecessors—the nature of their difference being perhaps best indicated as follows. Up to this point the author has been before all things an artist; but now something greater than art (greater, at least, in his own judgment), or perhaps we should say more irresistible, has inspired him and carried him away. The result is that in these novels, which deal, with something less than the conventional reserve, the one with the story of a "pure woman," the other with that of a man who is simply as other men are,—in these novels the artistic form is less perfect. But the spirit of humanity, or indignant pity, which informs and animates them is even grander, more magnificent, than before. On the other hand, "The Well-beloved" (issued definitely in 1897, though first printed some years earlier) is a light and semi-symbolical fantasy, to be classed under a widely different category, and noticeable chiefly for the charm of the first among its three heroines, and for the rare poetic beauty with which the scenery of the Isle of Portland is delineated in its pages. In a subordinate position to the Wessex Novels rank three interesting volumes of short stories—namely, "Wessex Tales" (1888), "A Group of Noble Dames" (1891), and "Life's Little Ironies" (1894), with the "Wessex Poems," some of them so strangely "late" in tone, though bearing dates in the sixties and seventies.

In conclusion, of the many fine qualities and features presented by Mr. Hardy's work we need here advert to two only, as justifying the high claims put forward for him: the

essential truth and vitality of his characters, and his mastery of English prose. The first of these attributes is certainly that by the possession or lack of which, in the ultimate resort, the work of every novelist in the proper meaning of the word must either stand or fall. It has kept alive the romances of Sir Walter Scott, in despite of a literary style which is habitually cumbrous and at times positively vicious; in despite also of very much haphazard writing, or writing where the author has done less than his best. More than that, in spite of a dulness and diffuseness which are at times portentous, the possession of this single great quality suffices to give Richardson rank as a classic. But even Mr. Hardy's detractors would scarcely deny him the praise of being a conscientious labourer and a finished artist. His literary style has that single merit which is, after all, the highest—that, whilst conforming to the genius and the best traditions of the English language, it is exactly adapted to his purposes. Uniform in its sobriety, and as free from trick as from rhetorical adornment, it clothes his thought as a skin clothes a body—answering infallibly to all demands made upon it, whether these be to render the talk of clowns, to narrate the stories strange or commonplace of average or exceptional lives, or to shadow forth the gloomy grandeur and desolation of untamed Nature viewed by night. For the novels of which these attributes constitute the soul and the body, is it not safe to forecast immortality?

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A CHAT WITH MR. OSCAR BROWNING.

IT is nearly twenty years since George Eliot passed away at Chelsea (a neighbourhood so rich in its literary associations), and since Mr. Leslie Stephen, one of our sanest and subtlest critics, wrote of her: "In losing George Eliot we have probably lost the greatest woman who ever won literary fame, and one of the very few writers to whom the name 'great' could be conceded with any plausibility." So sweeping a statement coming from a writer never prone to those sudden gusts of enthusiasm which characterise so many of his contemporaries, is curiously significant to-day when the literary reputation of George Eliot is at low water. Disparagement is only too common at present, and a recent example is afforded by the publication of Mrs. Lynn Linton's fragmentary "Reminiscences." It was, therefore, a relief to turn to one of George Eliot's ardent admirers—Mr. Oscar Browning—who, after an interval of twenty years, still remains as enthusiastic in his friend's praises as in the time when George Eliot was the fashion. This was especially noticeable in a conversation with him which I recently enjoyed, when he revived the impressions with which his friend's powerful personality affected him in the days of his early manhood. It was in February, 1866, when he first made George Eliot's acquaintance. She had been much struck by an essay of his in the *Fortnightly*—then in its infancy—and had asked the late Edmund Pigott (Examiner of Plays) to introduce the reviewer to her. So Mr. Browning paid his first visit to North Bank, St. John's Wood, where George Eliot and G. H. Lewes then lived, and from that time an intimate friendship sprung up between the young Eton master and the brilliant novelist. He constantly attended her well-known "Sunday" parties—parties frequented by many of the leading literary lights of the time—but his opportunities of converse with her were not confined to these social occasions.

Mr. Browning's impressions of George Eliot's personality are of course to some extent recorded in his well-known biography of her, but, in our chat together, whilst reviving these impressions, he was good enough to touch on several points which he does not mention in that book. "I always felt," said Mr. Browning, "whenever I met her that I had come into the presence of a prophetess. Her beautiful voice, her charming and sympathetic manner, impressed and attracted me exceedingly." Although not an adept at small talk and in the *badinage* of polite society, she especially excelled in conversation of the highest kind. To

MR. OSCAR BROWNING.

From Photo by Brown, Harness and Bell.

everything that was said she listened with grave and earnest attention, identifying herself in the most wonderful way with the troubles and difficulties so often confided to her sympathetic ears. As an illustration of this Mr. Browning very kindly accorded me his permission to use a letter which George Eliot wrote to him when his position as master at Eton was becoming difficult and he thought of resigning his mastership. Having stated the difficulties in which he found himself, and having asked for her advice, she replied as follows:

The Priory, 21, North Bank,
Regent's Park,
March 2, 1875.

DEAR MR. BROWNING,—Your letter shall be sacred. I am glad to know that you have made up your mind to endure and persevere—words easy to write as advice, but hard to follow out in the patient action of days, months, years. Perhaps the most difficult heroism is that which consists in the daily conquest over private demons, not in the slaying of world-notorious dragons. Certainly it seems to me that the finest course of action you can pursue will be to impose the utmost restraint on impatience, and look at your life simply as the problem of carrying out your ideas of usefulness at Eton, as far as may be, without dangerous collision. To further the happiness and beneficence of your life—even apart from that question of your dear mother's feeling—you should have a precise conception of an alterna-

tive to your present task, an equivalent social contribution before you unlink yourself.

But I gather that your resolution is thoroughly formed, and I rejoice. We shall see you at the end of this fiercely menacing March. You are young enough to dare travel at that time of year which we used to find everywhere cruel, south as well as north.—Always truly yours, M. E. LEWES.

Mr. Browning can recount many similar instances. Reminding him of Mr. Hutton's remark that George Eliot was "spontaneous as a writer, artificial as a woman," and "that her strenuousness was too self-conscious to reach the point of positive strength," Mr. Browning differed entirely, and mentioned Mr. Herbert Spencer (who, as everyone knows, was George Eliot's most intimate friend) as likely to support his own view. For, said Mr. Browning, George Eliot's strenuous solemnity arose out of her anxiety to sympathise with every branch of human effort, however insignificant this might appear to the superficial observer. In another letter to Mr. Browning (a letter which greatly impressed the late Bishop Lightfoot) she wrote: "The first thing to teach is Reverence—Reverence—Reverence." She was ever deeply impressed with the importance of this life, and thought that the habit of looking to another life was immoral, inasmuch as it made people indifferent about this. "George Eliot," declared Mr. Browning, "always gave you her best, and took infinite pains in her advice and judgment. She never said an unkind thing, and possessed the power of seeing what was good in everyone and everything. A great intellect, but a greater moral nature, and extraordinarily self-controlled." Passing to her methods of work, Mr. Browning emphasised its methodical character. She worked with few erasures and wrote a beautiful hand. Opposite her writing table stood a bust of Æsculapius, and she read Homer regularly before writing, in order—so she told Mr. Browning—to steep herself in the serenity of the past, and to get away from the feeling of modernity.

Like other literary workers, she drew upon her personal experiences for many of her characterisations, and it is an open secret that Mr. Browning himself was the original of Lydgate in "Middlemarch." "Silas Marner," however, she declared, was the one novel in which she had drawn the characters entirely out of her own imagination. None of these had any prototypes, or were in any way suggested by people whom she had known.

Mr. Browning admitted that the literary reputation of George Eliot had suffered a temporary eclipse; "her popularity has passed into a penumbra," he observed. He did not think, however, that it would last for long. Like all our great classics time was wanted to obtain a proper perspective. ARTHUR RICKETT.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.—The Annual Meeting of Edinburgh and East of Scotland District was held on the 6th December, when the following were elected office bearers for the year: Chairman, Mr. A. S. Cunningham, *Dunfermline Journal;* Vice-chairmen, A. R. Dorrian, *Catholic Herald,* and Thos. Gibson, *Edinburgh Evening News;* Secretary, Thos. F. Cowan, *N. B. Daily Mail;* Treasurer, John A. M'Ara, *Glasgow Herald;* Representative to Council, Mr. Robert Wilson, *Edinburgh Evening News.*

There died in Edinburgh on the 12th December a typical representative of the old school of journalists in Mr. William Anderson. He was for a long number of years connected with the *Edinburgh Courant,* and during the last twenty years of its existence he was chief reporter. In this capacity he came in contact with a large number of public men in Edinburgh and Scotland. He also represented for a considerable time a number of press agencies, and was for several years the Edinburgh correspondent of *The Times* and other papers. When the *Courant* ceased to exist as an Edinburgh paper, Mr. Anderson received an appointment as Ordinary Clerk in the Register House, the duties of which he performed acceptably up to his death. Two articles contributed by him to the *Courant* were afterwards published in book form, and, written as they were on social subjects which came under his professional experience, attracted a good deal of attention. The articles were "The Poor of Edinburgh and their Homes" and "Children Rescued from Pauperism." Mr. Anderson was also the originator of the *Courant* Fund, which still exists. By its means a large number of poor children receive a treat at New Year time, and a day in the country in summer. There is also conjoined with the fund a shelter for waifs and strays.

Mr. Thomas Young, for several years head of the advertising department of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph,* has been offered, and has accepted, the position of general manager of the *Eastern Morning News,* Hull.

Mr. J. W. Hickson, M.J.I., formerly editor of the *West Ham Herald,* has been appointed editor of the *South Essex Mail,* with which the *West Ham Herald* is now incorporated.

ISLE OF MAN.

Mr. A. Thorpe has resigned his position on the reporting staff of the *Ramsey Weekly News,* and has joined that of the *Manx Sun.* Mr. John Robinson has resigned from the reporting staff of the *Manx Sun.*

NEW BOOKS.

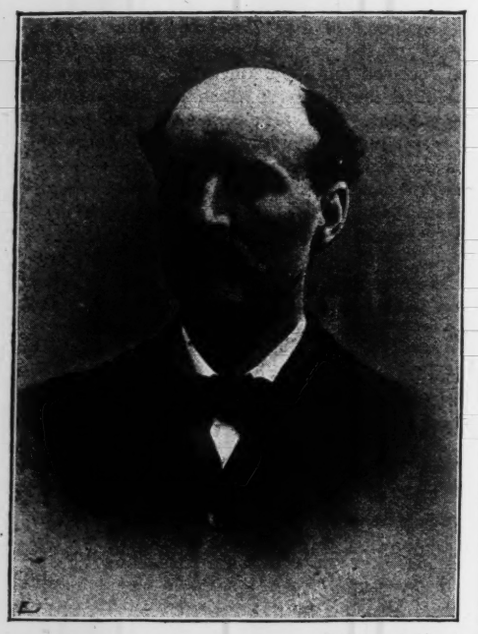
BETWEEN RENAISSANCE AND ROMANTICISM.*

Another contribution to "Periods of European Literature," taken up chiefly with "le grand siècle" and the absurdly denominated "Age of Anne." Mr. Elton, who is German in his wide and careful reading, is happily French in the lucid order, the point and piquancy, and the rapid movement of his style. He has resolved on dealing with works of art as an artist should; and who will grudge him the real success which in this flying outlook he has accomplished? Not I, certainly. Perhaps he will one day enlarge his vignettes of Molière, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and La Bruyère to full-length portraits; they would be studied with pleasure by those among us who read constantly in the older, the "classic" French, and who turn for enjoyment from the decadent bric-à-brac of a later time to the most austere and even the most formal of masters yet unrivalled in their kind. He is severe on Fénelon; but, one thinks with a shiver, not, it may be, unjust. And his estimate of the influence for good exercised on literature by the Court and the personal dignity of Louis XIV. is generous, probably true, and a token of freedom which would have astonished Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier.

From a summary of the present character we demand knowledge as extensive as it is skilfully condensed, aperçus and judgments that shall set down authors in their rank and establish their significance in the general trend of progress; and therefore a touch, if not more, of the philosophy which sees into events from the highest point of view. Mr. Elton satisfies these hard requirements as well as the brevity of a small volume will permit. I am not sure that his appendix,—for it amounts to no more,—on Italian and other letters of the period is quite the thing we want. In fact, I wish it were away. The English chapters, excellent as they are, might have been cut down too; for everyone knows pretty much what there is to be said of Dryden, Addison, Swift and Pope; and a large treatment of Berkeley, which was desirable, could have been inserted. But we are promised one by-and-by,—

* "The Augustan Ages." By Oliver Elton, Lecturer on English Literature at Owens College. 5s. (Blackwood.)

though by a different hand. The French section remains as the heart of the book. And while Mr. Elton bids us remark the decline of poetry, the immense consequences of Descartes' critical methods, and the preparation for a coming "enlightenment" which was to attempt a plain prose version of time and eternity, he is candid in his acknowledgment of the benefits



From Photo by MR. OLIVER ELTON. [*Warwick Brooke.*

attending on this otherwise melancholy change. Descartes signifies the advent of private judgment in metaphysics, and of individual selection in art and literature; in other words, of sentiment, passion, caprice, revolt, and what later Germans were destined to call "Genie," instead of the public, social, Court or Church standard, to which the Renaissance and the Age of Louis XIV. had conformed in their greatest spirits from Michael Angelo to Bossuet. The beginnings of this revolution are visible in men like La Bruyère, in Swift, in Addison;—names as contrasted as unequal, but symptomatic of a new time. The author observes with justice and with some indignation, how all this brought in its train a "necessary and rather indecent interlude of ignoring the past." He perceives in Locke and in Bayle that "religion is faced as a political or social phenomenon, and not as also a thing to interpret from within." True likewise it is that "minds which hold to the sense of the infinite, or to the solitary side of devotion, are often estranged," during this period, "from the liberating side of thought and culture"; and he quotes Molinos and George Fox. Bossuet is one of the "mighty recalcitrants,"—a happy phrase,—Leibnitz a mighty "reconstructor." The charm of beauty was sacrificed by critics and heretics and revolutionists to the claims of a cool practical "understanding," which, being so near-sighted, could not lift its glances towards any "ideals of the Reason." Thus the old order, which in Bossuet had become merely conservative and a protest against advance, was hollow at the core; but the new order no man had so much as beheld in vision. What these "Augustan ages" knew of the Eternal was by hearsay rather than by experience; hence they were not truly creative except in strange misunderstood apparitions,—Molière and Swift, for example, both of whom despaired of life and believed in nothing. The whole time was an interlude or transition, and as such Mr. Elton pictures it in a volume that deserves not only to be recognised, but to be studied and laid to heart.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S PLAY.*

"Paolo and Francesca" is to be produced at the St. James's Theatre. We had better wait till then before pronouncing on its merits as an acting play. But, at least, it can be said that Mr. Phillips has provided Mr. Alexander and his troupe with admirable verse, which we hope they may prove worthy of. A few words on the poem as a drama are, however, not out of place. For the fact that the play is, or is not, a good acting one, does not settle the question whether all the dramatic possibilities of the subject have been utilised. I think that Mr. Phillips has exhausted all these possibilities. Had he invented more he would have marred the fine strong simplicity of the story. He has strained the utmost meaning out of the old chronicles and of Dante, to give substance to the character and life to the action. And the result left on the mind of at least one interested reader is that the subject does not reward a dramatist. That it is altogether undramatic I do not say. Many old ballads—"Sir Patrick Spens," "The Wife of Usher's Well"—have one or more dramatic moments in them. But would they stand the strain of expansion into dramatic form? "Paolo and Francesca" is one of the most exquisite stories of the world; it has been told immortally in about sixty lines or so of great poetry. It may be told again and again, and we shall always listen. But it is composed of the very simplest material; we can see it at a glance. There is much beside the facts: there is the immortal flavour. The facts are almost too elementary for a modern drama; and the flavour—well, that must in any case be conveyed lyrically. It is a lyric subject.

Mr. Phillips has complicated the situation cleverly, to provide a secondary interest. By the introduction of Pulci, the drug seller, he has brought about a really impressive moment in his play. Evidently he is more lenient to Giovanni than were the old chroniclers, than was, I think, the stern, reticent Dante, who has no reproof for Francesca's words, "Love brought us to one death. Caina awaits him who quenched our life." He will have it that the brothers have loved each other devotedly, and he makes the elder, even after he knows of Paolo's deception, to be filled with sorrow to see Paolo leave Pulci with the drug that will make him sleep to wake no more. That is a fine invention. I am more doubtful about another. Lucrezia, Giovanni's cousin, apparently loves him well, for all his deformity. The coming of a young bride fills her with sad thoughts; yet her words express not jealousy but mostly wild grief for her own childlessness. It is a pathetic, it is a popular cry she utters. But it is quite irrelevant.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

That the spirit of this new version is no more early Italian than was the spirit of Tennyson's Idylls early British, does not matter. Perhaps something of wilder, swifter passions one would expect in the Court of the Malatesta. But after all, an English latter-day audience is being addressed. There is, of course, some advantage in the form chosen. An essentially lyric subject has been given dramatic shape. But the drama, if it gets any attention at all, is a more noticeable thing, for the moment, than a lyrical poem. So Mr. Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca" will have a quicker chance by reason of its artistic flaw.

But Mr. Phillips himself sees clearly the essential lyricism of the subject; and now comes the place to express delight for the many passages of exquisite beauty. Listen here—

> "Can any tell
> How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,
> A light step, or a dreamy drip of oars?
> Is there a stirring of leaves, or ruffle of wings?
> For it seems to me that softly, without hand,
> Surely she touches me."

Or to Francesca yielding to Paolo's words and love—

> "O voice too sweet!
> And like the soul of midnight sending words!
> Now all the world is at her failing hour,
> And at her faintest; now the pulse is low!
> Now the tide turns, and now the soul goes home!"

Or to the passage which describes the two as "strong with immortal recollections" of great dead lovers, and where Paolo cries,

* "Paolo and Francesca: A Tragedy in Four Acts." By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

"O face immured beside a fairy sea,
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!
O beauty folded up in forests old!"

He has by all the memorable portions of his poem proclaimed the lyric spirit of his theme. By their deep feeling and their exquisite melody he is proved a fit chronicler of this old unhappy thing. Not lightly has he set to his task, but with these words on his lips: Farò come colui che piange e dice.

A. MACDONELL.

REMINISCENCES.*

In these four books of recollections which have appeared almost simultaneously you can read a great part of the history of a generation. In those of Sir Algernon West you may, indeed, watch in orderly succession the public events and the public men from the Reform Bill to the rejection of Home Rule for Ireland in 1886. Sir Algernon has been an indefatigable public servant, and has had recognition from the highest quarters, though it has generally come in the form of an increase of responsibility and of work. But his greatest pride is that he was for years the trusted and devoted private secretary of Mr. Gladstone. Gladstone is the hero of his book, and it speaks volumes for the great statesman that he should have remained a hero to one in constant intercourse with him, often during the most wearing and irritating circumstances. His seeing "behind the veil of his wonderful and subtle character" had for result an "intense love and admiration." At this time of day it is hard to realise how far Gladstone was, even as late as 1868, from convincing the "governing classes" of his power. To them he was still an "outsider." "A wonderful man, no doubt; but so is a Japanese conjuror," said one. "A great Yorkshire squire described him in hunting slang as 'not having been bred in their kennel.'" "If Mr. Gladstone," wrote a Whig magnate, "thinks he can lead the House of Commons with the force of the millions without the goodwill of the ten thousand, he will find his mistake."

SIR EDWARD RUSSELL.

Another great personality that looms large in Sir Algernon's Reminiscences is Lord Randolph Churchill; and his quotation of Lord Randolph's confession of his change of front on the Transvaal question, after he had faced it on the spot, is very timely and impressive. But his book is not filled with political chronicles and portraits. The society of London in his early and middle life, the great ladies, the eccentrics, the *bon viveurs* are briefly sketched. A tone of high spirits and fine temper runs through the book, which is clearly the work of a man who has found life good. A watchful man, too, and a good listener; and with a memory for stories. Ere now most of these have been culled; but more would bear repetition than we have room for. A certain temperament is delightfully set forth in the tale of the old man whom he helped to his feet on Fairmile Common, and who remarked, "'I mostly 'as a fit going up 'ill.' I asked him where he was going, and he replied, 'Down there towards Cobham.' I, trying to cheer him, said, 'That's all right, as it is down hill all the way.' 'Ah!' said he, 'that's the worst of it; I always pitches on my 'ead going down 'ill.'"

Sir Edward Russell has Gladstone stories too, including the by no means certainly true one that Gladstone did not regard Oliver Cromwell as a greater man than the late Lord Althorp. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone and "Robert Elsmere," he tells how the statesman and the authoress met at Oxford to talk. "Afterwards they had a longish correspondence, which on Mrs. Ward's part wound up thus; 'The difference between us may be stated in a sentence: To you the greatest phenomenon of history (or the world) is sin; to me, progress.' Which at Hawarden was considered absurd to be addressed to Mr. Gladstone." Sir Edward's book, it should be said, is not a book of systematic recollections, but a sifted mass of anecdotes, of conversations, of bits of experience, of sketches of notable personalities, the drift from a stirring life spent in contact with the big world. Take it for what it is meant to be, and you will pronounce it readable from cover to cover. One more story from its pages. On the rare occasions when John Bright disagreed with his wife, he would say threateningly, "Now I tell thee if thou doesn't do what I wish I'll go straight to Mr. Gladstone and ask him to make me a knight." Whereupon she would give in with, "Oh, anything rather than that."

Even in Sir Arthur Sullivan's reminiscences there is a Gladstone anecdote, characteristic enough to make it worth a reader's while to search for it. And Mr. Lawrence has an exceedingly interesting tale to tell of a man of very precocious, most productive, and pleasure-giving talent. Sir Arthur, too, has mixed much with the world, been on friendly terms with the great ones of his time, and music lovers and the general reader are both well catered for in this volume. The weakest portion is the critical appreciation, and the gifted composer's many admirers might wish that Mr. Findon had put bounds to his eloquence. His conclusion is more sublime than the occasion requires. But Sir Arthur Sullivan in gratitude should set to music the reference to his own "rapturous notes that have been borne on the bosom of enchanted winds to the distant shores of the wide-extended Universe."

In introducing Mr. Payn's posthumous volume of essays, Mr. Leslie Stephen says no one who reads them will feel himself a stranger to their author. Payn was, he says, the "simplest and most transparent of men; he could no more write than he could talk without the frankest self-revelation." The self-revelation in this book includes vivid pictures of his environment as a youth, and an interesting series of reminiscences of his editorial career. On this ground we are justified in including the "Backwater of Life," a collection of essays under such titles as "On Old Age," "On Conversation," "The Compleat Novelist," in a review of books of Recollections. Sometimes he does not give the names of the friends round whom a good story centres. Who was the great man, the one modest traveller, who had been everywhere, and should have been a mine of tall tales? Yet when almost on his death-bed, he said to Mr. Payn, "My dear fellow, you will do me the justice, when I am gone, to say that I never told you one word about it." The book is full of humour, and of kindly, and really practical advice to young writers, a class to whom he was the warmest friend. He does not disguise that he has had his troubles with them. Some of them worked unmercifully on his feelings. So did the young lady who wrote, "How could you, *could* you, return my story by the five o'clock post? You *must* have known I should get it the last thing in the evening, and be kept awake by the thought of it all night." There is a note of deeper sadness in these essays than readers of Mr. Payn have been accustomed to hear in his work. But he never went back from his rooted conviction that men of letters are the best comrades, and the best talkers possible, and that the career of letters he would not have changed for any other under the sun.

* "Recollections, 1832 to 1886" By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, K.C.B. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)

"That Reminds Me." By Sir Edward Russell. 12s. (Unwin.)

"Sir Arthur Sullivan: Life-Story, Letters, and Reminiscences." By Arthur Lawrence. 6s. (Bowden.)

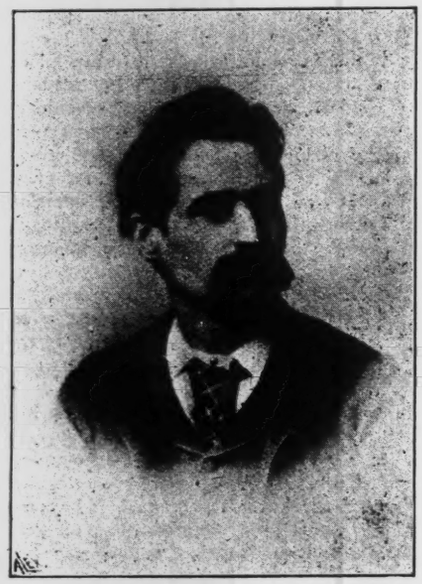
"The Backwater of Life." By James Payn. With an Introduction by Leslie Stephen. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

THOMAS CAMPBELL.*

From the standpoint both of author and of general public this is an excellent little book. Mr. Hadden, in dealing with Campbell, has shown great capacity for mastering and utilising authorities that are imposing in bulk, if in nothing else, genuine literary insight, and that power of criticism which consists in effectively contrasting the past with the present. He has read and digested what nearly everybody who is a somebody in literature, with the possible exception of Sir Henry Taylor, has said about Campbell. And he has given the results of his reading lucidly and—so far as I have checked his facts and dates—accurately. Mr. Hadden's style here, indeed, shows a most marked improvement since he published his monograph on George Thomson. He very seldom fumbles for a phrase; if he has any fault as a stylist, it is that of playing too often the "sedulous ape" of writers like Stevenson and Mr. Whibley, although these have much to say to others as well as for themselves. This volume may also be said to be in itself a justification of the series of brief biographies to which it belongs. It is

* "Thomas Campbell." By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Famous Scots Series. 1s. 6d. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

quite enough to give to a man of the intellectual thews and sinews of Campbell, and one who, poet though he was, lived an essentially uneventful life. He was born in Glasgow in 1777, was educated at its Grammar School and University, where he learned the art of rhyming and became a fair scholar; tried tutoring, but drifted inevitably into literature, editing, the construction of large poems, and war-songs; lived first in Edinburgh and next in London, where he talked a little too loudly, occasionally drank too much, and was given a pension of £200 a year; was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University; died at Boulogne, was buried in Westminster Abbey; and has secured a place in the pantheon of English literature in virtue of his "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic." Campbell cannot be accurately said to have been one either of the great whales or the little fishes of his time. Rather does he suggest one of the minor spurs of an imposing mountain range. As regards the "seminal ideas" of his day, he recalls "Whistlecraft" Frere's "lesser hills" that



MR. J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

> in language of their own,
> Discussed a topic by reverberation,
> Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
> Their only conversation was "ding dong."

Thomas Campbell played a biggish, if not a large part in his time; the story of how he fared in life and literature as the Kipling of his epoch, and of what the men of his time wrote and thought of him, was worth telling at such length as Mr. Hadden has told it, but at no greater length.

At the same time, Mr. Hadden has done his work in far too critical and even lecturing a spirit. Campbell's weaknesses both as a man and as a poet are dealt with unmercifully. He may have been little better than an overgrown and over-praised schoolboy; he was weakly egotistic; he scamped his work as editor; he idled too much; he occasionally took more wine and brandy than was good for him; he once threw his wig in Hook's face. But he was not without his excellences of heart and head. And this is surely not the utmost that can be said of his poems: "Felicities, prettinesses, harmonies of a sort one may find, respectabilities, vigour, patriotic and liberal sentiments declaimed with gusto. But these do not raise him above the level of a third-rate poet. His war-songs will keep him alive, and that, after all, is no mean praise." Even the war-songs are not too cordially praised—and besides these, what of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," of "Glenara," of "O'Connor's Child"? Campbell may have been an inspired journalist writing for his time and of the ideas of his time—again he suggests Mr. Kipling—but to understand and do justice to his inspiration, one must enter into the spirit of the Napoleonic era, which Mr. Hadden hardly even attempts. And although "The Pleasures of Hope" be dead as Queen Anne, and "Theodoric" be hopelessly flat, surely there is something better than third-rate poetry in the pathos and simplicity of "Gertrude of Wyoming," Spenserian stanza and all. Mr. Hadden has decidedly overdone his part as Stevensonian critic of Campbell, with his frequent "Thomas, do learn a little self-control," and "Tom, my boy, you should get the hair of your self-conceit cut." But his book is so good and so provoking that it is certain to cause a reaction in favour of Campbell, or to set folk reading him again. They might do worse.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

MRS. MOULTON'S NEW POEMS.*

It has been said that though perfection is by no means a small matter, it is often only a small matter which makes all the difference between perfection and imperfection. Mrs. Moulton would do well to bear this ancient precept in mind when reading the proof-sheets of her next work. As with the exception of some songs for children, and a series of travel papers, she has published no new book for eight years, the two or three typographical errors to be observed in her new and welcome volume, "At the Wind's Will," must be ascribed to careless proof-reading rather than to hasty production. But whatever the cause, the marring of a volume containing such beautiful work is to be regretted, for beautiful the contents of "At the Wind's Will" undoubtedly are. A careful examination compels the admission that there is no falling off in either the conception or the execution of her work. In fact, it may be questioned whether "At the Wind's Will" does not contain poems of wider sweep of thought and more exquisite craftsmanship than she has ever given us before. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of the poems published in 1890, "I cannot see that the life of ardent youth is dying out of them," and no one who reads the sonnet, "Though we were dust"—a sonnet that throbs with the vehement passion of Rossetti's "House of Life" or Mrs. Browning's "Sonnet from the Portuguese"—is likely to dissent from Dr. Holmes:

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON
From Photo by Russell & Sons.

> In the vast realms of unconjectured space,
> Where devious paths eternally outspread,
> Where farthest stars their mighty marches tread,
> And unknown suns through unknown systems pace,
> What power can give our longing hearts the grace
> To follow feet that long ago have fled,
> Among the thronging populace of the dead
> To find the welcome of the one dear face?
>
> Nay! Let the souls throng round us! I am I,
> And you are you! We should not vainly seek:
> Would you not hear, though faint and far my call?
> Nay, were we dust, and had no lips to speak,
> Our very atoms on the winds blown by
> Would meet, and cling, whatever might befall.

This surely is the love which is ever young and immortal. The three concluding lines are exceptionally fine in their passionate defiance of the powers of death and of time to sever two souls that are bound each to each by enduring love.

Among other memorable sonnets are "On the Death Mask of Keats," "A Heavenly Birthday," "At Rest," and "Were but my Spirit loosed upon the Air," the last being, perhaps, the most beautiful lines in the volume.

The lyrics are equally admirable, but Mrs. Moulton would be well advised to avoid such a colloquialism as

> Shall I ever again be glad?
> I think I've forgotten how,

which though it may not offend American ears is distasteful to English readers.

Very beautiful are the poems entitled "The Birds come Back," "In Extremis," "When I wander away with Death," and "On a Rose pressed in a Book," the last of which one is tempted to quote:—

> I win the summer back again
> At touch of this dead rose.—
> O lavish joy! O tender pain!
> The very June wind blows,
> And fills me with the old refrain
> Whose music my heart knows:
> I win the summer back again
> At touch of this dead rose.
>
> Ah, lost to all the summer's gain,
> And lost my heart's repose;
> And was it tears or was it rain
> That wept the season's close?

* "At the Wind's Will." By Louise Chandler Moulton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The winter suns they coldly wane;
White fall the winter snows;
But love and summer come again
At touch of this dead rose.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

PREHISTORIC SCOTLAND.*

Dr. Munro is careful to point out that this work is not intended to be a handbook to Scottish archæology. Nevertheless, it will answer that purpose very well for the period it covers; and that period is the portion of man's existence in Scotland prior to Roman times; the period, in fact, which has been already explored by Sir Daniel Wilson in the first volume of his "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," and expounded by Dr. Joseph Anderson in his two volumes on "Scotland in Pagan Times." Dr. Munro's book, however, will be welcomed even by those who are thoroughly familiar with these other works. It is more compact than either of them; and it gives the results of the latest discoveries.

Of the climatic and topographical features of Scotland Dr. Munro treats very briefly. He does not accept Professor James Geikie's theory of the formation of the 25-feet raised beach, but is of opinion that it was "due to a local earth-movement which had probably nothing to do with glacial phenomena." And in opposition to Sir Archibald Geikie, who tried to place it after the Roman invasion, he believes that it occurred before that time, though after the appearance of Neolithic man on the scene. The deer-horn implements found beside the skeletons of the whales, which had been respectively stranded at Airthrey, Blair Drummond, and Meiklewood, far above the present sea-margin, prove indisputably that it must have taken place after the country was inhabited. Unfortunately, the Airthrey and Blair Drummond implements cannot now be traced; but the Meiklewood one has been minutely described by Sir William Turner, who likens it to those found in the Belgian bone-caves, and refers the men who used such implements in Scotland to the Neolithic period. The finds in the recently explored Macarthur cave at Oban are undoubtedly Neolithic; and Dr. Munro is satisfied that the layer of sea-gravel which separated the upper and lower shell-beds was deposited by the action of the waves after man had taken up his abode in it, and therefore furnishes an additional proof to that afforded by the discoveries in the Carse of Stirling. The surmise that the wooden pavement in Blair Drummond Moss was part of a Roman road would, if it could be substantiated, disprove, he holds, Sir Archibald Geikie's theory that the 25-feet beach had been raised since the Romans visited Scotland. Not long after that theory was originated, it was pretty well knocked on the head by Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Milne Home. It was inconsistent indeed with the causeway mentioned in Bald's report of the discovery of the Airthrey whale in 1819. Dr. Munro does not accept the stones found by Rev. Fred. Smith as Palæolithic implements; and affirms that no remains of Palæolithic man have been found in Scotland.

It matters little whether Dr. Munro discourses on the prehistoric fauna or the culture of the stone-age people, the memorials of the dead or the abodes of the living, the works of defence or craniological research, he ever writes with fulness of knowledge and a lucid pen. Not a few will turn with special interest to his remarks on Dunbuie and Dumbuck. Notwithstanding the rather plain-spoken and personal controversy which raged round the latter, Dr. Munro writes of it temperately, though he still speaks of it as a "so called crannog," and adheres to his former opinion that it is a mediæval structure and not a Neolithic monument. To him, however, it is a curious structure, and by no means devoid of interest. In giving a summary of Mr. Donnelly's account of the sedimentary deposits on the site, he dubiously says:—"These *facts* are *probably correct*." His discussion of the reasons why and the method how forts were vitrified is exceedingly interesting. Though, strictly speaking, the brochs are outside his subject by reason of the date he assigns for their erection, it is well that he did not omit them. In speaking of Dolmens, he says they "are rarely, if at all, met with in Scotland." Can he have forgotten "the Auld Wives Lift" in the parish of Baldernock? After describing the bronze axes, and their progressive adaptations for receiving the handles, culminating in the vertical socket, Dr. Munro says:—"It is only in the Iron Age that we meet with the transverse socket, and even then the change seems to have been effected very gradually." As he makes no reference to the beautiful battle-axe, with a transverse socket, found at Bannockburn, it may be inferred that he relegates it to the Iron Age, though made of bronze.

It should be mentioned that the volume, which extends to five hundred pages, is very fully illustrated, and is sure to be prized not only as an introduction to the County Histories, but as a distinct work of great value. D. HAY FLEMING.

* "Prehistoric Scotland and its Place in European Civilisation," being a General Introduction to the "County Histories of Scotland." By Robert Munro, M.A., M.D. 7s. 6d. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

THACKERAY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO *PUNCH*.*

To our knowledge of Thackeray's personality Mr. Spielmann's labours have made a considerable addition. More than this they do not pretend to do. These hitherto unidentified contributions of Thackeray to the pages of *Punch* in no way enhance his repute as a literary man, but to the present student and future biographer they are full of interest. For our own part, we have always held that of all his work Thackeray's writings in *Punch* are the least interesting, not excepting the "Book of Snobs," and the "Novels," but excepting, in company with a few other pieces, "The Mahogany Tree" and the "Travels in London." Thackeray was not at his best when making believe, and his fun in *Punch* usually lacks spontaneity, and his style its natural charm. Thackeray, as did Goldsmith and a few others, sprang as it were from his cradle equipped with a delightful literary style, and advanced only in matter not in manner. But in *Punch* Thackeray did not write at ease, and dealt not infrequently with subjects about which he was prejudiced or on which he was not sufficiently informed. The examples of his work in Mr. Spielmann's collection fully, to our mind, bear out this contention.

The value, as we have already noted, of the volume lies in the fact that it sheds a not inconsiderable light on Thackeray's opinions on social and political affairs, and, in addition, Mr. Spielmann has been able to settle once and for all, with possibly a few exceptions, what Thackeray did and what he did not write for *Punch*. This information is gained from a day-book kept by the editor of that paper between the dates February, 1843, and September, 1848, thus covering a very large portion of the time during which Thackeray contributed to the pages of the journal. Peculiarly interesting is the light shed upon Thackeray's views on Irish politics; he disliked, as we all already know, most of the popular Irish leaders, and believed them to be humbugs; but with the Irish people and with many, if not with all, of their grievances he had considerable sympathy, and no little leaning towards what we now call "Home Rule." We have never been amongst those who considered Thackeray a hater of Ireland and all things Irish, and can never forget that when accused of not liking the Irish, he answered—referring to his wife—"God help me, all that I have loved best in the world is Irish." Strangely enough, with all his knowledge of them, Thackeray never apparently felt any admiration for the French as a nation, though individual Frenchmen he admired and respected.

Mr. Spielmann has performed his editorial duties most excellently, and has been fortunate enough to obtain at first hand a very interesting account of Thackeray's work as a candidate for Parliament at Oxford in 1857. He has also—will he forgive us for pointing it out?—perpetrated a "bull" on p. 1, which would have delighted Thackeray.

* "The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to *Punch*." By M. H. Spielmann. 7s. 6d. (Harper and Brothers.)

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES' DRAMA.†

The English Court in King Geoffry's days was overhung with gloom. A few maidens danced about and jested; and we see a hint of a pageant or two; but the air is heavy with unhappy love and tragedy. Osbern and Ursyne, then, have need to be striking personages to stand out among a crowd nearly as unhappy as themselves. And they do. But we could wish to be better informed of the state of Ursyne's heart. Perhaps

† "Osbern and Ursyne." A Drama in Three Acts. By John Oliver Hobbes. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

the truth lies somewhere between the probabilities that she was in love with two men at a time, and that her love was ruled by circumstance, especially the circumstance of Osbern's unhappy fate. No heroine should be seen in either case, convention says. But then heroines often are. The two central personages

MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES).

From a new miniature by Miss Maud Porter, reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Craigie.

Photo by Dixon.

are well conceived, especially the wild, defiant, bastard-born Osbern. But the interest and the merit of the play chiefly depend on its fine passages. The little drama is a clearer proof that the writer is a poet than that she is a dramatist; and for a few lines in it we would willingly give fifty "Ambassadors."

There is a true picture of lonely sadness here:

"She once did love a great lord who is dead.
She does not speak of him: his name I know not.
Often I sit close by her while she thinks.
Companions in our silence, we have watched
The blaze of many fires, and heard the logs
Sing their shrill song while the hot flames consumed them,
'Ah,' said she once, 'a woman would die thus.'"

And there is melodious truth here:

"Not all are blind that feel the scourge of love,
Eyes washed by grief lose beauty but dust also!"

And the death of the lovers, as chronicled by one of them dying, is memorable:

"My love shall save us both: 'twas given for this.
Our path is scarleted, though not with flowers!
Our hearts must hover o'er that smoking chasm,
Which reaches to the nethermost. But look—
Not downwards; love, we are not wingless yet,
Still may we rise, though centuries shall pass
Ere we can reach the sky!"

Reminiscent that, of course, of the great picture of Paolo and Francesca. There is an echo of

Noi che tignemmo il mondo di sanguigno,

and of the endless, wailing flight of the immortal two whom "Love led to one death." But Dante's vision is the matter for poets of all time, and one resents no worthy imitation.

THEY THAT WALK IN DARKNESS.*

This is a collection of stories worthy of Mr. Zangwill's great talents. Not only are they good in themselves, but by their diversity of scene and circumstance and character they give us high expectations of the author's future career. They show how wide and how deep is the world of Israel, and he has already proved that he is a fit interpreter of Jewish hearts and minds. A single one of these tales is worth a dozen "Masters." In "The Master" he was a more or less commonplace recorder of what we all know, and of what others can record much better. But here he is the revealer of hidden and wonderful things, which no English writer can tell of like him.

A few of the tales are already well known from having appeared in a former volume. But the new things will not disappoint, unless it be the newest, "Bethulah," which I confess to finding heavy; it is curious rather than interesting in the broad human sense. Save for that I should only write out the contents in naming the best. "They that Walk in Darkness" worthily heads them. This tale of the precocious little Jewish boy, blind and dying, who is taken in despair by his ignorant and devoted mother to Rome, to the Pope, as to some witch-doctor, is equally wonderful for its fantasy and its pathos. The dawning in the lad's mind of the sense of his surroundings, hid from his bodily eyes, when he wanders round St. Peter's; the awe that falls on the two aliens in race and faith in the presence of the Holy Father; and the death of the lad amid his ecstasy of expectation, all these Mr. Zangwill has told with force and with exquisite simplicity. "The Land of Promise" is a narrative of the tragic adventures of Jewish emigrants to America; "Transitional" and "The Keeper of Conscience" dig below the surface of the more commonplace life of London Jews. "To Die in Jerusalem" and "Noah's Ark"—the latter historical and the most spirited thing in the book—tell of the great national romance of the Israelites. These are all admirable. There is no sentimentalising over his race; Mr. Zangwill is a shrewd and a severe observer. But he shows the hearts of his people, and how many now, even as in Ghetto days, are wounded and marvellously patient!

* "They that Walk in Darkness." Ghetto Tragedies. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

MISS MASSON'S EDINBURGH NOVEL.*

Our one regret, in laying down Miss Masson's very striking novel, is that Robert Louis Stevenson has not lived to read it. He, more than anyone, would have recognised the true touch, the vivid portraiture. Outwardly, indeed, the Edinburgh of "The Transgressors" is very different from the old black rabbit warren of a city, with its filthy streets and complicated passages, where Lord Advocate Grant and his "three braw dochters" play their parts in "Catriona." But in essentials the society of the northern capital in the eighteenth century had many points of similarity with that of our own day. Stevenson, we are sure, would have felt at home in either; so would the author of "The Transgressors." The ladies of Moray Place and Drumsheugh Gardens, as painted by Miss Masson, are as real and as bewitching as those who peeped at David Balfour from the windows of High Street closes. With the single exception of "Catriona," this is the most remarkable Edinburgh novel which has been written in our time, and as a picture of present-day society it is without a rival. The lawyers, doctors, professors, ministers are all studies from the life, although in hardly a single instance is it possible to fix the name to the portrait. The dullest will recognise "the pathetically gay old Gael, or Greek, or Scot," who sang his song "as he strode, like a caged panther, to and fro on the soft carpet of the Mowbray drawing-room, and compelled his reluctant audience to join him in chorus and cheer." That picturesque figure will never walk again on the Mound or in Princes Street, but no novel of modern Edinburgh would be complete without Blackie.

MISS ROSALINE MASSON.

The talk at the dinner-tables flows with a quiet, irresistible humour. We have all met the old lady "who is loquacious on Sunday observance and the conversion of sailors in the Leith docks," and has time to spare for the Jews. She is interested in the temperance question, and informs her neighbour, Lord Graham, that she passes a public-house every

* "The Transgressors." By Rosaline Masson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

day when she goes out shopping, adding naively, "I really feel it quite an effort of the will to go past it." "It is a common feeling," Lord Graham replied, "but one which few people own to. Personally, I have experienced no disquietude in that matter, but I have known some persons who never can pass a public-house." "Ah," said his neighbour, "I am sure I sympathise with them. We want all such to join us in the good work. You must give us some of their names for our committee."

Lord Graham, the great judge, John Innes, the poor divinity student, Betty Graham, the girl who spoils their lives, are the three characters on whom Miss Masson has lavished most thought and care. All the others are mere helpers or hinderers of the central tragedy. The happy Claude and Milly, who occupy the stage in the final chapter, come before us almost as strangers. We had forgotten there was a Milly. Lord Graham is a noble figure, a worthy addition to the gallery of Scottish judges. John Innes is scarcely so convincing. We are told that his heart was in his work, that his religious faith was genuine. Somehow we cannot believe that after his parting from Betty he would have so utterly forgotten the congregation that trusted him, the holy ministry to which he was called, as to poison himself like a coward and infidel. Phil Graham's redemption helps to relieve the gloom, and his experience as a war-correspondent at the Cape shows that novelists may sometimes be more lucky than statesmen in "intelligent anticipation of events." We can safely prophesy that no book will suffer less from the war than Miss Masson's. J. T. S.

NOVEL NOTES.

VIA CRUCIS. A Romance of the Second Crusade. By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillar.)

In various fields Mr. Crawford succeeds. In this new one, where many lose their way, floundering among the relics of a past they cannot bring to life again, he has by no means failed. Of course there is more obvious reality about his romances of present-day Rome and New York, and we very much prefer these. But he has treated this crusading story in a broadly human way, and never sounds an artificial note. The backgrounds, English, French, Italian, Syrian, are finely worked out. And while we confess we have not followed the adventures of the gallant Gilbert with breathless attention, we have never lost interest in them, and there are scenes that are memorably picturesque and impressive. Among the best are those where Queen Eleanor and the heroine are presented as rivals in love. St. Bernard—Bernard of Clairvaux—makes a dignified appearance; indeed, all the historic characters play their parts with spirit. There is evidence in the book of much hard reading, and Mr. Crawford, while only intent on telling a stirring tale, has nevertheless thrown many sidelights on the history of the Crusades.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DE WILLOUGHBY CLAIM. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 6s. (Warne.)

It is with real relief to find Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has left behind her the unreal mood out of which sprang "A Lady of Quality" and "His Grace of Osmonde," and has returned to an earlier, healthier temper. Her new story may be much less talked of; it is much less pretentious; but there is stronger, sounder work in it. It is truer to human nature. Besides, it is written in the vein which is peculiarly her own. She has won all her best successes by a strong direct appeal to the emotions, by the delineation of kindly simple people, and by showing the triumphs of gentleness and of pity. The story is modelled on the good old fairy-tale pattern, where the fool of the family leaves home, scoffed at and hopeless, and proves himself in the end the best and the most capable of the lot. The scene is laid in the days after the American War, when many Southern claimants turned up in Washington, but not many with so good a right to Northern sympathies as that of the heirs of old Judge de Willoughby. It needed, however, all the obstinate patience of the ingenious and persevering Tom, formerly the fool, to make good the claim in behalf of his beautiful and romantic young nephew, who is to marry the darling of his heart, the deserted child whom he had adopted when she was a few hours old. All that portion of the book that deals with Latimer and Baird we dislike. It is too long drawn out; we guess Baird's secret from the first, and Latimer's grief for his sister was as unmanly as was his desertion of her child. But the rest, the pictures of the De

From Photo by] MRS. HODGSON BURNETT. [*Elliott & Fry.*

Willoughby household, of the humorous, amusing, neighbourly folks at Talbot's Cross Roads must be to everybody's taste. There is good workmanship in the book. But the best thing in it is the author's belief, expressed here not for the first time, that happiness is good for human souls.

VENGEANCE IS MINE. By Andrew Balfour. 6s. (Methuen.)

Once more Mr. Balfour sets before us a liberal dish—much too liberal. He is—we have remarked it before, perhaps—the least frugal of story writers; and we admire his generous temper. But in his books the incidents crowd the story out. We have here adventures in Scotland, on the high seas, in France, in Elba, in Corsica; we have plots and intrigue of love and war, we have rescues by land and by water, murders, duels, mutinies; we have heroes of nearly every European nationality, including Napoleon, in the foreground, and if we read with close diligence, our brain reels. For it is not mere incident we have to give our mind to, but character as well. Mr. Balfour does not deal in puppets; in the delineation of his personages he grows in subtlety. Neil Darroch the hero, Monsieur Deschamps, Massoni the villain, Gasket the bullying lieutenant, Gironde the Emperor's faithful slave, and others besides, are depicted with the utmost carefulness. Indeed, for the separate incidents and characters we have nothing but praise. The material of the book is far above the average of its kind.

MR. ANDREW BALFOUR.
From Photo by Stearn.

WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING. By Amyot Sagon. 6s. (Sands.)

In this bright and wholesome story of old days we do not know whether the smugglers or the men of the king's navy will more attract the young reader. But, at least, Jan Tregellas will run Greville Blake very hard in popularity. The tale breathes of adventure, of encounters between gaugers and free-traders, of tussles with Algerian pirates, of Nelson's victories; and there is just enough of a love story to keep the girls from disappointment, and not too much to let the boys think time is

being wasted which might have been given to fighting. The illustrator has unhappily chosen skeletons for his models.

RURAL LIFE: ITS HUMOUR AND PATHOS. By Caroline Gearey. 6s. (John Long.)

There is much that is amusing and much that is suggestive and informing in this series of eleven essays on the pleasures and sorrows of existence in rural districts. The author's sympathies are rather with the old-time squire and parson than with the agricultural labourer, who is sinful enough to be dissatisfied with his lot among the beasts and begins to have dim notions that he never was, any more than were "the quality," divinely ordained to live and die with no opportunities of rising to higher things even in this world. Miss Gearey's remarks on modern agricultural depression in "Employers and Rural Politics" are clear and forcible; she ascribes that depression to radicalism, socialism, and free trade, but it is possible that a lack of enterprise in our farmers themselves is equally responsible. Personally we prefer the papers from which these controversial elements are absent. The quaint fragments of crude old folk-song in "Our Village and some Villagers" and in "Songs of Harvest Home" were worth preserving; and new and old anecdotes illustrative of rustic wit and humour are scattered freely throughout the book. The closing essay on "Primitive Agriculture" is a chatty dissertation on Thomas Tusser's curious old rhymed handbook, "Five Hundred Points of Good Agriculture," and the author improves the occasion by touching on agricultural usages that have become or are becoming obsolete. In quoting Tusser's motto for October,

"October good blast, to blow the hog-mast,"

she explains in a footnote that this refers to "a mast curved like a hog's back"; but is it not more likely (especially seeing that Tusser wrote of country matters) to refer to the blowing down of the acorns and beech-nuts—the mast on which the hogs fed? Anyone interested in rural manners and customs and the varying aspects of life "in the quiet country places" may be safely recommended to add this book to those they will be reading by the fireside these winter evenings.

THE ENCHANTER. By U. L. Silberrad. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Any description of the plot of this story would deeply wrong it. For a serious-minded book it is made of unpromising materials; and much of it—the melodramatic incidents in the East, the Black Magic in the old tower—is entirely out of place. Miss Silberrad must learn that it is unwise to introduce melodrama into a good novel of character. In Nicholas, Enchanter No. 1, who belongs to a family given to occult research, but who goes to Cambridge and becomes a fairly orthodox scientist, we are interested from beginning to end. In Screed, Enchanter No. 2, thief, vampire, and several other unpleasant things, who frankly declares himself to be the greatest man in Europe or Asia, we don't believe for a single instant. The detail and the minor characters are excellent, and "The Enchanter" is altogether a strong and interesting book.

MISS SILBERRAD.
From Photo by Hollis & Sons.

THE VALIANT RUNAWAYS. By Gertrude Atherton. Illustrated. 5s. (Nisbet.)

We hope as many boys as possible will be made happy by the gift of this capital story. Through it there is an unceasing flow of adventures, breathless, hairbreadth, and picturesque—and in a sober mood quite incredible, of course. But the boy reader will be more cynical than most of his elders if he does not believe every word while the book is in his hands. The background is novel and appeals strongly to the imagination. Surely English lads will not grudge glory to the two young heroes, though they are not of Saxon blood, not even Americans, but Spanish Californians, and have such outlandish names as Roldan Castañada and Adan Pardo. The boys ran away to escape conscription, not because they were afraid of fighting—which was, indeed, their only joy—but because the idea of a dull life in barracks was intolerable. Adventures, as we have said, came to them in legion, and of every variety—bears, bulls, Indians, tomahawks, hunger, thirst. They came through it all magnificently, and when the curtain goes down we are applauding with all our might. Mrs. Atherton has written successfully for men and women. But she has captured now another audience who will look to her henceforth for entertainment at least once a year. We would say in passing that her style is lively enough to allow of her dispensing with such slang as "He fell into vocabulary."

THE JUDGMENT OF HELEN. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Lane.)

Mr. Cobb is a master of fine shades. Here as in "Mr. Passingham" he manages to produce strong effects by the most unsensational means, and to clearly differentiate his characters without resorting to the opposition of violent contrasts. The personality of Patty Winter, the by no means dishonest and most likeable little adventuress, is capitally suggested. You see her aware of the falseness of a situation, and taking steps to put an end to it. This has for consequence the emotional satisfaction of her fair cousin, and clear advantages for herself, pecuniary as well as emotional. But like a sensible person she does not sacrifice her cousin's heart that she herself may remain a poor drudge for ever after. The development of the slight plot is excellent. The few characters are quite enough to sustain the interest. The style and workmanship are light and unaffected, and the faint aroma of cynicism never detracts from the pleasantness of the book.

MR. THOMAS COBB.
From Photo by T. Mack.

THE GIRL PRIEST. By A. Kevill-Davies. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

There is plenty of dash and smartness in this new novel by the author of "Pharisees," but it is not a pleasant or a probable story. The step-father of Miss Shannon is a professional blackmailer, and compels her to act as a decoy for him. Mr. Caswell has married a wealthy, invalid wife for whom he has no affection; he accidentally meets Miss Shannon on the sea-beach, and she, in pursuance of her usual tactics, encourages his attentions; they meet again, and go cycling together. The step-father takes snap-shots at them with a kodak, and using the photographs persuasively, extorts twelve hundred pounds from his alarmed victim. But Miss Shannon is penitent; she takes the money from her relative whilst he lies in a drunken sleep, and returns it to Caswell. Thereafter, disguised as a man, she studies for the church, and through Caswell's influence is duly ordained and presented to a profitable country living. The charming young rector involuntarily plays havoc with the hearts of his lady parishioners; incidentally the rascally step-father reappears and is bribed into silence; and on the death of Mrs. Caswell, the rector resigns and travels abroad with the widower, and there the two marry. It was impossible to do much with such a theme as this, and it speaks well for the author's ability that he has made so much of it as he has.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. 6s. (Heinemann.)

On both sides of the Atlantic these stories must be popular. Their pleasant style is quite enough to ensure their success with us. But by their subjects they frequently make a special appeal to English readers, for Mr. Davis is one of the few American writers who know their London thoroughly—though, by the way, he never poses as a cosmopolitan, but with always like the well bred, amiable American that he is. Some of his very best work is in this collection. The title-story, which tells the fortunes of a young playwright to whom a good-natured actress, who was not his sweetheart, pointed the way to success in love and in the drama, will perhaps please the greatest number. There is strong and interesting work also in "The Fever Ship"; while the page from an imaginary journal of one of Jameson's Raiders, written in Holloway Gaol, is very spirited. Among the books specially fitted for gifts at this season, it will not be easy to find one likely to give more certain pleasure than "The Lion and the Unicorn."

DARTNELL. By Benjamin Swift. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Though "Benjamin Swift" is still a very young writer, his work has its periods. The first, in which we include only "Nancy Noon," was bizarre, but did not disdain beauty. To the second belong several stories, morbid, ugly studies in insanity. Then came "Siren City," his sanest, but his most commonplace book, showing an interest in, even an admiration for, very ordinary people. He seemed to be sinking into a "safe" man. But again he has escaped from the trammels of the normal, and returned to the examination of morbid conditions. "Dartnell," though superficially less disagreeable, is in essence very much more revolting than anything he has written before. The main situation is this. Dartnell, who is described as an ultra-refined, sexless idealist, marries a wife to whom the joys of the world mean much. She lavishes love on her iceberg husband, and he adores her as an angel, which means he outrages her whole nature. Ice kills at last. Her love for him dies, but lives for some one else. The fiendish idealist, with his morbid delight in torturing himself and others, pretends to go to Constantinople. In reality he is living at the top of the great house, hearing and watching everything through the ears and eyes of his wife's maid who had once been rejected by her lover. The situation is revolting. More than that—after his conduct at the masked ball, we don't believe Dartnell was the sexless being he is said to have been. Mr. Swift takes up what we suppose he means to be a cool, judicial, scientific attitude. But what has fiction, an imaginative, human art, to do with science? When we read the tale, and feel the absence of pity for the suffering that follows provoked wrong-doing, and the abundance of morbid interest in an unwholesome ideal, when we hear no note of indignation or scorn for the torture and the meanness of Dartnell and his spy, we are filled with repulsion. There are clever things in it, of course, and now and then a piquant word or phrase. But there is not much comfort to be got out of that. Let Mr. Swift work with morbid materials as long as he likes; but let him work humanly. It is his spirit more than his imagination that is perverted.

SUNNINGWELL. By F. Warre Cornish. 6s. (Constable.)

In "Sunningwell" you seem to read the result of a whole lifetime of loving observation. It may be the work of a young, fresh, quick-witted stranger, who has swiftly seized the characteristics and the spirit of some such cathedral town as he describes; nevertheless, the effect is that of long years of study given to the history, the society, and the opinions of Sunningwell. It is a story almost without incidents; indeed, it is more a chronicle than a story. Speaking broadly, "Cranford" is its model—but the result is very different. The city has for centre its minster; and the clergy, of course, are the main people Mr. Cornish deals with. One of the Canons, Philip More, is the hero—not in the sense of having a love-story, or passing through a series of adventures. A mild prosecution for mild heresy is the most stirring event of that latter portion of his life which is narrated. But he plays his part admirably, as thinker, gentle humorist, idealist, with a kindly outlook on the common ways of men. There are other delightful sketches of character in varied ranks of society; but More's opinions, his attitude towards life in general, and to Sunningwell in particular, make the bulk of the book. The spirit of the more philosophic Anglicanism has never been more finely distilled. Cathedral towns have been satirised, often enough deservedly; but there is room for a book which, while it treats their denizens with humour, yet is mostly concerned with describing the dignity, the calm, the charm that still hang about the old closes.

ONE QUEEN TRIUMPHANT. By Frank Mathew. 6s. (Lane.)

We always take Mr. Mathew's books up with a certainty of finding good work in them, some unconventional but never unsound reading of history, with a flavour of originality and beauty. We have not been disappointed in this tale of the Babington Conspiracy and the death of the Queen of Scots. Mr. Mathews has an exceptional power of bringing you on to the spot, making you live, for the moment, no onlooker, but right in the midst of the reality, and, it must also be said, of the confusion of the time he is dealing with. So here we tremble before the caprices, the temper of Elizabeth, or under the cold eye of Walsingham, and we lose our way among the intrigues and the dubious paths of Court and party, just as men of the time must have done. A little too much of this last, perhaps. The part played by Gilbert Gifford is far from clear. Of course all right-minded readers will fall once more in love with Mary, as Mr. Mathew presents her. A tragic creature, she is neither all evil nor good, but from the experience of her unhappy life he has distilled much beauty. We have read the pages descriptive of her reception of the Giffords again and again. Probably the popularity of the story may be enhanced by the appearance of Winifred, a supposed daughter of the Queen of Scott and Bothwell, born at Lochleven, and now a protégée of Elizabeth's. But it is unlike Mr. Mathew to seek sensational effects, and the presence of the girl in the neighbourhood of the scaffold at Fotheringay is a repulsive invention.

YOUNG APRIL. By Egerton Castle. 6s. (Macmillan.)

"Young April" is the best thing Mr. Egerton Castle has given us since "La Bella." It deserves its name, for its freshness, its youthful spirit as of the spring-time of the year. The whole book is a homage to youth; and if old cynics disbelieve some of the wonderfulness of the genius, Michael Spencer, they are bad critics. Spencer and all the rest of the company must be looked at through the eyes of youth, Rochester's or Eva's; otherwise the game is not played fairly. It all turns on a thirty days' escapade of a young English duke, between his coming in for the title and running off from his tutor, and his settling down to the serious business of life. The serious business—marriage, politics, social duties, the development of his wealth—takes all the rest of his life. But the thirty days he keeps as relics of sweetness and beauty from an almost forgotten past. It is with these "Young April" deals, not as memories, but as a stirring, joyous, present reality.

McTEAGUE. A Story of San Francisco. By Frank Norris. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

From the every-day routine of his life in the "Dental Parlours" on Polk Street, through the comedy of his courtship and marriage, through the finely common-place tragedy of his ruin and subsequent moral deterioration, to his horrible death, handcuffed to the enemy he has killed, on the leper-white alkali desert—we have followed the career of McTeague with an interest that increased to the end. McTeague himself, the tame giant in whom the primitive barbarian, long dormant close under the surface, was to be roused at last to such dreadful issues, is drawn with a bold and masterly hand; every one of Mr. Norris's characters lives, indeed, and is really human. The passing of Trina from girlhood to womanhood, and the development after her marriage with McTeague of a prevailing miserliness in her disposition, are traced with an admirable cunning; the ludicrous Sieppe family, the contemptible Marcus Schouler, the gentle old Miss Baker, the shy old Mr. Grannis, and all the dwellers in and about the tenement house on Polk Street, grow upon our comprehension in clearest detail—we know them and the very atmosphere they breathe. The realistic novelist is too apt to think he heightens the effect of his realism by suppressing the sentimental or romantic aspects of life that are, after all, as real as its more sordid features; on the other hand, the romancist is apt to miss the truth as widely by ignoring the common and unlovely realities of existence that are inseparable even from romance. Happily, Mr. Norris has a conscience, and is too much of an artist to lapse into such timorous compromises. The unemphasised realism and romance of his story are not the realism and romance of a biassed imagination but simply of life itself, and what is sordid and even repellent, and what is sweet and tender, and something that is earthy and something that is heavenly, are blended in his men and women and woven into the fabric of his story as they are blended and woven in actual human experience. It is a cleverly written story and one that we are glad not to have missed reading.

IN THE YEARS THAT CAME AFTER. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

This is a pleasantly written story that would have gained in strength by judicious compression, especially in the earlier chapters. Greta is a charming heroine, and her two love affairs and her literary adventures make very entertaining reading; but the mystery enveloping her father does not adequately fulfil the ominous hints that are given in the earlier half of the book. A clergyman who found he could not conscientiously continue in the Church and voluntarily withdrew from it, would hardly, in these days, be accounted disgraced, and feel forced, as does Mr. Tregarthen, to live in lonely retirement where the fact of

his "atheism" is unknown; an additional reason for this withdrawal to seclusion is found in an indefinite story that he had once been charged with the forgery of his father's name to a cheque; but his father and family admittedly knew he was innocent, and why anybody should have charged him with his younger brother's crime is not made clear. The two chapters describing the last illness and passing of the meek old governess, Miss Stayman, are full of tenderness; and always Mrs. Reynolds is at her best when she is least sensational.

CHARMING MISS KYRLE. By Mina Sandeman. 6s. (John Long.)

A breezy vivacity of narration renders "Charming Miss Kyrle" eminently readable, in spite of the flimsiness of its plot and its garrulous looseness of construction. The author continues writing for many pages after the story is really ended, and the last chapter is every way superfluous. The villainous devices of Colonel Wroxham and Mollie, when they want to dissuade Lord Pangbourne from marrying Miss Kyrle, are too flagrantly transparent to have deceived any person of ordinary intelligence (and the intelligence of Lord Pangbourne is said to have been more than ordinary); and that so mature a little sinner as Mollie could be suddenly and permanently converted and led to undo the mischief she had done by such a casual, theatrical method as Lord Pangbourne employs is more than we are able to believe. As a whole, the book lacks conciseness and simplicity of expression (in its conversational as well as its descriptive passages), but it is not without happy touches of humour, and is never dull.

THE WHITE QUEEN. By Russell Garnier. 6s. (Harpers.)

"The White Queen" is Mary Tudor, Henry VIII.'s sister, who secretly loved the Duke of Somerset, but, yielding to political exigencies, married the old King Louis of France. Three of Suffolk's youthful kinsmen, Tony, Ralph, and Roger Brandon, attach themselves to the Queen's retinue as her especial cavaliers, and dare and do right gallantly in defence of her honour against the bold intriguings of the enamoured Dauphin and his creatures. Again and again the simple, incorruptible honesty of the three brothers thwarts the Queen's pursuers; Tony, who has forgotten an earlier love for his cousin Lettice and cherishes a hopeless, ideal passion for the Queen, serves her always with his life in his hand, and loses his life in her service at last. The old king dies, and, despite a thickening of all the plots against her peace, the Queen and her faithful followers triumph; Somerset arrives in Paris; the Dauphin, in an access of manly generosity, relents and favours his suit, and so the Queen marries her first love in the end. It is then that Tony dies in a headlong attempt to recover a jewel stolen from the Queen, and thus the loyalty of the slighted Lettice goes unrewarded, and a somewhat unhappy finish is given to a bright and spirited romance.

SWORD AND ASSEGAI. By Anna Howarth. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Just now, when we are all thinking and talking of things South African, this story of the sanguinary warrings between the English and Dutch settlers and the Kaffir tribes, from 1834 to the early '50's, is timely and of especial interest. Not that it needs any such adventitious recommendation. With one or two exceptions, we are told in the preface, every incident in the book is true, and the whole narrative is set forth with a vivid and simple directness that is irresistibly convincing. There is no complicated or elaborate plot, but the book is alive on every page with the breezy, rough life of the veldt, and the farm, and semi-civilised frontier towns. The story opens with the Kaffir outbreak of 1834, and thence onward we follow, more particularly, the fortunes of the Brownlow and the Farrer families. The fathers of both families are slain by the blacks in the defence of Farrer's homestead, and John Ellis, Brownlow's nephew, is the only one of the defenders who succeeds in escaping and carrying the news to Grahamstown, where the wife and children of Farrer and Brownlow's orphan children had previously been sent for safety. Thereafter Emily Brownlow marries, and her younger brother Maurice lives with her and her husband at their outlying farm, until, falling in again with his cousin, John Ellis, he is persuaded to enter into partnership with him, and they take Farrer's old farm, Segenhoe, and work it together. The characters of the two—the blundering simplicity of Maurice and the unscrupulous cunning of Ellis—are admirably developed; the disaster that accrues to Maurice from his partner's treachery, and the final retribution that overtakes John Ellis, make exciting and absorbing reading. In time of peace there is always here in the background the shadow of recent war or of war threatening to recommence; in war-time there are the hurried flights of families, the savage night attacks, the burning of homes, and desolation and ruin and death; and through the heart of all this blossom the charming idylls of Maurice's love for Jessy Farrer and the love of his friend Marston for Mary. The whole story teems with incident, and is written with that unlaboured intimacy that comes of knowing the people and places written about. It is a graphically-told, healthy, and vigorous romance of real life, and deserves to be widely successful.

THE DON AND THE UNDERGRADUATE. By W. E. W. Collins. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Collins is an idealist of the most uncompromising order. His good people are exceedingly good, and his villain, a lurking rascal who does nothing in particular as a matter of business and turns to highway robbery in his leisure, grows suddenly good and sentimental on the first provocation; his hero (Ingram) is never less than heroic—he earns his living by teaching in the University, but finds more pleasure in holding evening classes outside and teaching the poor for nothing; he manfully conceals his love for the principal's daughter, Daisy, when he finds that the brilliant undergraduate George Arnold loves her; he saves a child from under the wheels of a cab, and is instrumental in rescuing a number of boys from a burning industrial school, his heroism in this last scene coming perilously near to being ridiculous. The story cannot be fairly represented in a brief outline since, for its readableness, it depends so largely on its minor incidents. It is agreeably, though a little too leisurely written, and the episodes and pictures of Oxford life are very entertaining.

A ROMANCE OF CEYLON. By E. O. Walker. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin)

"Be natural and you will be nice." So Mr. Walker's English heroine, Mrs. Agnew, counselled her would-be lover when he sued for her "special friendship;" but it is just what Mrs. Agnew herself seldom managed to prove. In fact naturalness is what is chiefly lacking in this by no means uninteresting story. We are not exacting; we do not expect everyone to be "nice" (oh, much-abused word!), especially in an Oriental novel; but we do like persons to be natural, and it is the failure to present the happy medium between stilted conversation and silliness in his own country men and women, which has made the author of "A Romance of Ceylon" so much more successful with his Eastern folk than with the Western. A somewhat stilted form of language falls naturally from the lips of Orientals, and confers the very charm which it has robbed from the lips of the white folk. To the Eastern portion of this book, or, rather, to that portion which deals with the Eastern people, we have much praise to give. Kirimanica, the little Singhalese maiden, is very winning, and from the moment we meet her on the first page, coming out from the school of Santa Maria by the white beach of Kollupitiya, in her white linen bodice and blue silken wrappings, to the last page, where we leave her in European dress on the lawn of Heath Lodge, Hampstead, we have no fault to find with her; the record of her home life in the house by the Colpetty Road, and of her unquestioning, unselfish love is the real "Romance of Ceylon." The little Singhalese is entirely picturesque, and her life is a poem. Mr. Walker has still something to learn with regard to the construction of a story, but we shall always be grateful to him for introducing us to Kirimanica and her home by the Colpetty Road.

FOR A GOD DISHONOURED. 6s. (Long.)

We have been quite unable to discover which deity it is that is dishonoured, unless there be a god of common-sense, in which case we have not far to look. For a more extraordinary set of people and manners we have never come across, even in real life, where human conduct is amazing enough, more so than in printed books. First, there is Clothilde, who, apparently through sheer bullying and bitterness of speech (she suffered from "nervous irritability"), won the devotion of every man she met. Then there is—well, we need scarcely include her mother; she was a "a tame conventionalist," apparently an uninteresting species of domestic animal—but there is her cousin Loyal, who was so like her in appearance that she decided to marry him in order to appropriate his garments and his

personality. And Loyal, most amiable of men, desired no greater happiness than to place his wardrobe at her disposal. He pretended to be semi-imbecile (though there seemed little need for any pretence about it) that she might freely masquerade and speechify among the peers in session. Then, fancying that she was falling in love with Another, he obligingly betook himself to Africa to be more completely out of her way, leaving her his overcoat and a portmanteau of garments on the wharf. All this taught her to love him (she was a strange woman in many respects. "Reason falters when I think of you," said her husband, apparently in a lucid interval), and when he came back she let him have his fur-lined overcoat again, and, discovering herself to be a peeress in her own right, went to the House of Lords in "the tightest of short skirts" to claim her seat, thereby reducing the Lord Chancellor to a condition of "feeble dismay." Afterwards, being mortal, she died. There are other strange people and things in the book. For instance, there are the Mansions of The Just. The Just disbelieved in things in general, and lived in an ideal state of equity, each under his own roof, with his wife, if he had one, in the house next door, addressing prayers only to himself. And there is Alwyn, a Hyde-Jekyll personage, whose dual nature, less crudely treated, might have made a really fine study. He is the most interesting figure in the story. The creator of Alwyn will, we hope, write more, and better books. The creator of Clothilde and her husband should rest content with her present achievement.

A KISH OF BROGUES. By William Boyle. 2s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

The *kish* was the stall in an Irish fair where footgear, rough in make but easy of wear, was offered to the passers-by. Mr. Boyle has some thirty specimens laid out for us here, and, as in the village fair, you may try on as many as you please until you are suited. But indeed Mr. Boyle's wares all please. We have no choice to make among them. There is racy dialect, frank humour and pathos, and genuine humanity in every story. Those who love the sound of the Irish tongue (and who does not?) should read these tales aloud round the fire when the winter evenings have come again.

THADY HALLORAN OF THE IRISH BRIGADE. By J. William Breslin. 6s. (Unwin.)

In a story of adventure one looks for more than a mere statement of facts, but in "Thady Halloran" one looks in vain, and the facts even are not very interesting. Mr. Breslin's book reads like a synopsis, and is really very little more, and 250 pages of that sort of writing is apt to bore even the most enthusiastic reader. Of the historical novel and the adventure story dealing with the time when the Chevalier St. George made history interesting, we have had many, and amongst them some very good ones. Such work as this now offered will not bear comparison with even the second or third best of its class; it is slip-shod, disjointed, dull, and fails in every way to justify its existence.

MRS. JIM BARKER, AND FROSTS OF JUNE. By V. Fetherstonhaugh. 6s. (Chapman.)

The two stories in this volume make pleasant reading for a frivolously-inclined mind on a railway journey or a lazy day in holiday time; but having interested the reader for an hour or so they have done all that can be expected of them, all that the author intended them to do. The construction and mode of telling is jerky and disjointed; the stories themselves, which are of the slightest, lack originality; the hero of each story is the conventional hero one knows so well. One has a bad record in the past, the other a good one, but both are the grave, reserved, good, manly men, wholly charming, kind to animals, and good to women, even to the exasperating heroines they have so much trouble with. The up-bringing of those same heroines, the one as a boy, the other as one of the most frivolous of society women, was not exactly a success in either case; if either had the advantage, perhaps it lay with the frivolous woman; one does feel a little of the charm we are told she possessed. There are some pleasant glimpses of life in Canada.

THE PATTEN EXPERIMENT. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Unwin.)

"The Patten Experiment" can have hardly a rival among the novels of the season, not one, we are sure, in the line of comedy. It is pure entertainment from start to finish, light-handed, witty, and resists by admirable humour and charming sentiment the subject's many temptations to farce. Surely even fanatic social experimentalists and philanthropists will consent to laugh at this story of how a family of prosperous persons, at the suggestion of a humanitarian parson, tried for a week to live the life of agricultural labourers. Even by dint of a little stealing desperately resorted to by Rosamond, who is caterer—when the parson will allow no debt—starvation stares them in the face long before the week is out. The experiment is costly; it entails a considerable amount of illness, including two cases of measles; it involves the haling of a charming young man before the bench of magistrates for poaching and assaulting a constable, and the blameless parson being discovered drunk by his highly respectable father-in-law. But out of it was born a very pretty young romance and endless fun for the reader. That the experiment enlarged the sympathies of the squire's family with the cottagers is open to doubt. It was hateful before the end, a nightmare of hunger, indigestion, and ugliness. But a fresh and not unkindly breeze of common sense soon blew over its memory. They had learned that to be rustic decently needs more than amateurish humanitarianism, needs the training of a life-time if not hereditary qualities. But a reader will draw no inference at all. He will only be gratefully delighted for an introduction to the society of personages as real as they are delightful.

SIR SERGEANT. By W. L. Watson. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is one of the very best of the many recent novels inspired by the Jacobite romance and tragedy. The period is the sad years after Culloden, when the faithful were growing few, when self-interest had fatally sapped the cause, but when loyalty to it had all the more beauty and pathos. This story of old Lord Balmeath and of his gallant daughter, for she was gallant as well as good and fair to look on, provides abundant interest for the lover of adventure—duels, escapes, pursuits, hardships nobly borne, the utmost sacrifices made, a continuous clash of swords and incidents. But the main theme is the war of simple loyalty and policy. And Mr. Watson is not niggard of his belief in human nature. Balmeath, Christine, Pitcairn the Whig officer, Lowrie the tobacconist, the lame waif Davie, above all the hero Grier, are but a few of those who know the great art of keeping faith, while Arklaw, the man whose watchword is duty—as if duty were enough to play a man's part with—and his purpose advancement, has few companions in his infamy. On looking back over "Sir Sergeant" we are impelled to wish that Mr. Watson may show his powers in another kind of fiction next time. Not that his novel of adventure is a failure—far from it. But it seems to us he is more a connoisseur in things of the heart, in the finer shades of love and loyalty than in such things as have of necessity to be most fully dealt with in a story like this. He can write a love-scene, which is neither absurd, nor cold, nor indiscreet—a rare distinction.

A WORLD BEWITCHED. By James N. Graham. 6s. (Harpers.)

Here is a wild and gruesome story. Fanaticism and indescribable cruelty, answered by revenge and savage retribution, fill its pages. The scene is laid on the slopes of the Pyrenees, in a territory both French and Basque, and in the days of the genial Henry IV. But in the darker corners of his realm very ungenial incidents were common enough, and the fashionable pastime of the aristocracy of Rochefendue was planning the condemnation of witches, and suborning witnesses for the purpose, while that of the populace was assisting at the numerous executions. We see torture, maiming, burning, as sequels to lying, plotting, and the indulgence of every evil passion and vice on the part of the accusers. And then, in one instance at least, the same unholy weapons turned effectually against those who had had too long their harmful way. Higher powers intervene at last to help the righteous and the innocent. The gentle and ascetic Rohan appeals to Henry, who visits the place, and the king's heart is the more easily touched that the Basque women have been threatened. He had once loved a beautiful Basque girl, and he now learns that under another name and in another place she had been a victim of the evil madness to which the Church and Law were liable at the time. The story is confused. The characters are not very distinctive, and the subject is almost intolerable. But there are strong points in the book, and there is one most wholesome feature; it asserts a too little acknowledged truth—that the religious fanaticism which inflicts any kind of torture on others is very falsely named, being merely a return, in men and crowds, to brutal savagery, to the ravening appetite of the beast of prey.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES. By Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D. 7s. 6d. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

Of the discourses forming this volume some have already appeared in print, but most are now published for the first time. Several were evoked by special occasions, and consequently go rather beyond the ordinary pulpit limits both in regard to subject and fulness of treatment. These are invariably instructive and reveal much careful thought. "Christianity and other religions." "Present-day Christian Apologetics," "Christian Unity," are addresses deserving the widest circulation and the most careful attention; but indeed one feels in all the sermons the weightiness of a powerful mind, and the conviction grows that not one sentence is carelessly or conventionally uttered. Dr. Flint's reputation as a theologian has long been secured; this volume discloses that in his kind he is as great as a preacher.

A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. By Crawford H. Toy, Professor of Hebrew in Harvard University. (T. and T. Clark: International Critical Commentary.)

Professor Toy has furnished a commentary on "Proverbs" on the usual lines of the International Commentary, and quite up to its standard. The text of the book is corrupt, and receives needful attention. The notes are brief and judicious. The bibliography is also brief, perhaps it may be said, too brief as it omits so fine a quarry and so remarkable a monument of learning as Dr. Malan's "Original Notes on the Book of Proverbs, mostly from Eastern Writings." Professor Toy believes the earliest collection found in the book to have received its present form between B.C. 350 and B C. 300, while the whole was completed in the second century B C. The post-exilian origin of the Book he conceives to be indicated by its contents, by its philosophical conceptions, its allusion to vices which were prevalent in post-exilian cities, its non national form of thought. "If for the name Yahweh we substitute 'God,' there is not a paragraph or a sentence in 'Proverbs,' which would not be as suitable for any other people as for Israel." The Commentary is full, though scholarly and business like, and must at once take its place as the authority on "Proverbs."

THE ASCENT THROUGH CHRIST: A Study of the Doctrine of Redemption in the light of the Theory of Evolution. By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. 7s. 6d. (James Bowden.)

The task of adjusting to the biblical conception of man the new ideas suggested by evolution goes slowly forward. Thoughtful persons find for themselves some more or less satisfactory mediating position, while various writers have with varying degrees of success shown how one or other of the Christian doctrines is modified by evolutionist teaching. It is the merit of Mr. Griffith-Jones' volume that it surveys almost the whole field of Christian theology in the light of evolution, and treats each topic with candour and intelligence. Prepared for the task by wide and careful reading, the results of which are everywhere apparent in his pages, he has saved less capable students a large amount of labour, and has laid ready to their hand sifted statements and conclusions. The early chapters of Genesis necessarily receive pretty full treatment, and Mr. Jones' interpretations are those which have been gradually reached by patient and earnest criticism. The other points at which traditional theology is traversed, or seems at first sight to be traversed, by evolution, are also candidly and successfully examined; and the death of man, the birth of Christ, and the results of his work are brought into an illuminating connection with the laws which govern development in nature. Mr. Griffith-Jones cannot be said to have pronounced the final word on this large subject, but he has produced a serviceable introduction to its study which by its philosophical spirit, its sincerity, and its thoughtfulness will commend itself to many readers.

THE MORAL ORDER OF THE WORLD IN ANCIENT AND MODERN THOUGHT. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The second course of Dr. Bruce's Gifford Lectures was delayed, as he tells us in his prefatory note, for a twelvemonth by the state of his health. The illness he thus refers to has ended fatally, to the great loss of theological science. These Lectures, while they may not attract so permanent an interest as some of his other writings, will allow the public to see a side of his mind, a flexibility, and a width of reading with which perhaps he was not generally credited. He seems equally at home in analysing the faith of the Buddhist, in tracing the Greek view of providence in the great dramatists, and in exhibiting and criticising the optimism of Browning. The purpose of the Lectures was to answer the question, What have the wisest thought on the great theme of the Moral Order of the universe in its reality and essential nature? This question he has answered not by a bald and crude citation of passages from this or that writer, but by a skilful selection of typical thinkers, a masterly summary of their beliefs, and a penetrating criticism of their positions. The volume is as full of instruction and even fuller of interest than anything Dr. Bruce has written.

CHARLES A. BERRY, D.D. A Memoir by James S. Drummond. With a Portrait. 6s. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

Dr. Berry was a man of sufficient distinction to justify the perpetuation of his memory by a biography. Most judiciously Mr. Drummond has made it brief; sufficient and never tedious. Himself an old friend and fellow-student, and afterwards colleague, of Dr. Berry, he has been aided by Mrs. Berry and other intimate friends, and the result is a consistent and life-like picture of a remarkable and admirable man. Evidently Dr. Berry has been one of the two or three really eloquent men of this generation, able rapidly to concentrate his thought and possessed by an enthusiasm of conviction that furnished him with lucid words and felicitous illustration. He was full of possibilities greater even than his achievement, and his premature death, apparently hastened by the exactions of thoughtless congregations who demanded his services, is much to be deplored. The fine spirit of the man is preserved in this excellent memoir, and cannot fail to prolong the influence of the living man.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D., Winn Professor of Eccles. History in Harvard. Heroes of the Reformation. (G. P. Putnam's Son's.)

Professor Emerton has succeeded in furnishing us with a full, accurate, and judicious life of the great scholar of the Reformation. "Hero" he can scarcely be called. Yet the Reformation was probably due as much to him as to any other of the leaders of the time. As he himself with his accustomed cynical self-discernment said: "I can write, but Luther can burn." There is a time to write as well as a time to burn; and the leavening of the community with a sense of independence and a perception of the true nature of religion which prepared for Luther's revolt was due to Erasmus. Not altogether a lovable character, an ignoble beggar, fond of comforts he only occasionally attained, physically timorous, he yet saved the Renaissance from being wholly pagan and the Reformation from being comparatively illiterate. His Colloquies, his Adages, his Praise of Folly, his Paraphrase of the New Testament, his Letters are immortal, permeated with a humour, a reasonableness, a force and sincerity which give them vitality to day as four centuries ago. Professor Emerton presents us with a just picture of the man, neither too laudatory nor depreciatory. The illustrations are not hackneyed, but add greatly to the value of an attractive book.

A NEW RIDE TO KHIVA. By R. L. Jefferson. Illustrated. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Jefferson imitated Colonel Burnaby, but not slavishly. His means of locomotion was not a fiery steed, but a bicycle—the "devil's tarantass," his guides through the desert called it. Occasionally he condescended to be helped by a camel, but through many countries, through long, dreary, solitary tracks of unknown land the magic wheel alone sped him on. Even before he got to the desert, in Hungary, Poland, and Russia he had to face difficulties that would have tired out most cyclists, but Mr. Jefferson is an old traveller in remote countries, and Galician brutality and Russian police worries were not enough to turn him back. Yet before he reached his journey's end, one can guess he had had enough of it. He got to Khiva ill and worn out; and, to tell the truth, we don't much see the point of rushing as he did an expedition of such magnitude. But he has a great deal to tell. His impressions were vivid; he has put them down on paper with effective brevity, and has made a readable book. Khiva, he found, had deteriorated very much since Burnaby was there, and it is now little better than a ruin.

He by no means endorses all that previous travellers have said of the peoples through whose territories he passed. The Khirgiz, who appear as untamed savages and murderers in many books of travel, he found hospitable and trustworthy. Their character he compares favourably with that of the average Russian. While depressed by the melancholy decay of Khiva and the neighbourhood, he made the curious discovery of a colony of Germans a few miles from the city, who speak the tongue of the Fatherland, wear Western dress, build their dwellings after a Teutonic pattern, and conduct all their affairs in the most completely Socialistic system. All are equal, all work, and all have the same remuneration.

THE REAL MALAY. Pen Pictures. By Sir Frank Athelstane Swettenham, K.C.M.G. 6s. (Lane.)

The author advises such as come to his book chiefly for entertainment to skip the first fifty pages. We do not endorse the advice. The earlier portion, dealing with the men and the methods which have strengthened and guarded some of the outposts of the empire, seems to us the more valuable and not the less readable. But, doubtless, the succeeding sketches with their anecdotes, pictures, and comment will be the more popular. We wish Sir Frank would cultivate a simpler, directer style. It would probably be more artistic, certainly more effective than that which he uses now in the papers he heads with titles mostly taken from the studios—"A Silver Point," "A Nocturne," "Woodcuts," "A Silhouette," and so on. But if the fine writing be something of an obstacle to a reader's progress, it is one worth getting over, for the author has a great deal to tell of the character, even to its fine shades, the customs, and the legends of the Malays. We would specially commend the eerie tales of the "sound-folk" in "After the Impressionists," which he leaves unspoilt by comment or explanation; and the lively tiger stories in "Woodcuts," one of which—the bearding of the great beast by two men armed with a whitewash brush and a Chinese umbrella—is delightful. "A Mezzotint" contains an impressive warning against rousing Western aspirations in minds that may never have the chance of realising them. It is a memorable tale, yet told in too explanatory, too elaborate a style. The tragic interest cannot be destroyed, but it is a little hindered for want of brevity and directness.

POLITE FARCES. For the Drawing-room. By E. A. Bennett. (Lamley.)

The three drawing-room plays in this book may be recommended to entertainers at this season. The staging is simple. The characters in each little drama are few, and their rôles are not beyond the talents of average amateurs. Miss Bennett's fun is of the genuine and quite obvious order, and a special feature of her farces, which should go far to make them popular, is the up-to-date character of the situations.

IN CHIMNEY CORNERS. Merry Tales of Irish Folk-lore. By Seumas Macmanus. Illustrated by Pamela Colman Smith. (Harpers.)

There is real genius in Mr. Macmanus's manner of retelling the old tales. Even with the book in our hands, we don't seem to read them, rather to hear a voice from the chimney-corner, hearty, many-toned, full of deep enjoyment, and to see a smile with an irresistible twinkle in it. "Billy Beg and the Bull," "Murroghoo-More and Beg," "Jack and the King who was a Gentleman," perhaps these are our favourites; but they have rivals. These Irish tales, it must be remembered, are of the merry order; indeed, have a good deal in common with our own popular nursery stories and with Grimm's. They are for all ages, and dull dogs must they be who do not chuckle over them. As for Miss Colman Smith's illustrations, the cover is charming. Apart from that, as in all the work of hers we have seen, the colour is good; she answers readily to Irish inspiration, but her drawing is far from satisfactory.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE. By George Lacey ("The Old Pioneer"). 15s. (Pearson.)

"The Old Pioneer" has in his time travelled 190,000 miles without counting daily journeys or expeditions of any kind, and has seen life, under very different circumstances, in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. As hunter, remittance-man, seeker of gold, of diamonds, but more specially, and more consistently, of adventures, he has a great deal to tell. The South African portions will be looked at most closely at this moment, and his impressions of twenty years ago make one realise what changes time has wrought in the Transvaal and Natal. He feels a supreme contempt and some disgust for the present condition of things, for the systematic greediness, the selfish monopoly, the dark sordidness of life as he conceives of it in the diamond fields now. Ah, they were finer, more open-hearted fellows, those comrades of his, when Kimberley was New Rush—when a stranger would leave a stone of 103 carats lying about and forget it, when a cabbage cost twenty-five shillings—than are the slaves and bullies of De Beers to-day! Against the I.D.B. Act he cannot speak too strongly We should certainly believe him to be on the side of those who are not particularly anxious for the material development of the country, save that he has not a good word to say for the Boers. A varied, readable book this of the "Old Pioneer." It embodies some prejudices, but contains also records of interesting circumstances that have passed, or are fast passing away.

SATAN ABSOLVED. A Victorian Mystery. By Wilfred Scawen Blunt. With a Frontispiece after G. F. Watts, R.A. (Lane.)

After reading the whole poem through more than once, we cannot make out why the spokesman of Mr. Blunt's humanitarian sentiments, and the hunger for terrestrial information, to the Deity should be Satan. If there be good reason for this then it should be made clear to the humblest reader. But ignoring the dialogue form of the poem, and the consequent attempt at differentiating the characters of the speakers, we freely admit the abundance of vigour and of wholesome truth in "Satan Absolved." It cannot be popular reading just now—and for that very reason it is the more timely. It is a strong denunciation of the Anglo Saxon trick of land-grabbing, and inferior-race-subjection in the name of Christianity and civilisation—only not of the Anglo-Saxon alone, but of Man, who has defiled the sweet Earth, for purposes which have not always justified themselves. Still, his full wrath is for

> "The latest born, the hungriest of the pack,
> The master-wolf of all men call the Sassenach,
> The Anglo-Norman dog, who goeth by land and sea
> As his fore-fathers went in chartered piracy,
> Death, fire in his right hand."

Then he expounds what is the worth of this pirate's praise of holy things.

> "They ignore Thee on the Earth, they grant Thee, as their 'God,'
> The kingdom of the heavens, seeing it a realm untrod,
> Untreadable by man, a space, a *res nullius*
> Or No-Man's Land, which they as loyal men and pious,
> Whether of a truth Thou *art* they know not, Lord, nor care."

There is genuine feeling in the diatribe, and more of imagination than our extracts serve to show. Mr. Blunt's mistake is in making too little allowance for the stupidity and too much for the malevolence of the conquering races. But, at least, it makes a strong appeal not to call our sometime very natural desire for more elbow-room in the world by the sublime names of Civilisation or of Missions. The poem is dedicated to "the first of living thinkers," Mr. Herbert Spencer, for his "reasoned and life-long advocacy of the rights of the weak in Man's higher evolution."

IDYLLS OF THE SEA. By Frank T. Bullen. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Bullen's knack of picturesque narrative and vivid description is even more strongly marked in these "Idylls" than in "The Cruise of the Cachalot." He still speaks modestly of his "'prentice-hand," though his first book has had a success greater than that of many masters. But his style is no longer that of the unschooled sailor, unless it be in its exuberance. In fact, the language is sometimes alarmingly erudite, and often verges on the grandiloquent. Experience and success have given Mr. Bullen freedom and self-confidence, and he writes with the *abandon* of the man whose matter, if not his manner, will secure him a hearing. In these idylls, too, Mr. Bullen's imagination finds play. His whales and sharks become personal, individual—"creatures with whom one is proud to be associated," and we are permitted, for once, to look at ocean-life, in and on the sea, from their point of view—a novel and a thrilling experience. "The Loss of the First Born" we should like to describe as a pretty and pathetic little story, if it did not jar on our conventional sense to connect either prettiness or pathos with a whale. "An Interview," on the other hand, is by no means worthy of a place in the volume. Mr. Bullen is not at his best on the humorous side, even leaving out of account such phrases as "settling myself in my

ark like a faded Moses" (!). It is when he thrills us with descriptions of the nightmarish horror and gruesome ugliness of seldom-seen monsters of the deep, and tells of weird apparitions of the ghoulish devil-fish, or uncanny onslaughts of the terrific "squid," or swarms of man-eating crabs, that we realise the extraordinary power of his graphic pen. In short, these "Idylls of the Sea," like most volumes of idylls, are unequal, but the excellent ones are of a peculiar and unique excellence, and the novelty of setting wins acceptance for almost all.

LAMB AND HAZLITT. Further Letters and Records Hitherto Unpublished. Edited by William Carew Hazlitt. 4s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)

This is a book of scraps, but some of the scraps are of real biographical and bibliographical value. The most curious is a sequel to that extraordinary, inexplicable of all self-revelations, the *Liber Amoris*—being a diary, from March 4th to 16th, 1822, in which Hazlitt registers the negotiations of his friend Patmore with the Walkers. Hazlitt's divorce was impending, and Patmore was trying to discover whether Sarah would be likely to consent to marry his friend. "A Curious Historiette" contains an account of what the editor calls "a singularly strange and melodramatic incident." As a matter of fact, it is all about a very clumsy and long drawn-out practical joke, concocted by Lamb and Joseph Hume against Hazlitt, whom they feigned to believe dead, and spoke of as such. Hazlitt answered in an elaborate petition and remonstrance, stating formally his reasons for believing himself to be alive. Perhaps this bit of tomfoolery need not have been given *in extenso*. There is much that is interesting in the youthful letters of Hazlitt, especially those written to his father from Hackney College, in which he appears as a serious-minded, systematic, conscientious, but most obstinate young man, with abundant self esteem.

CLAUDE BERNARD. By Michael Foster. Masters of Medicine. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Professor Michael Foster makes a quite unnecessary apology for emphasising the scientific side of his subject at the expense of the biographical, on the ground that the details of Claude Bernard's life are little known. He needed no such excuse. Everyone to his *métier*, and that of biographer, otherwise psychologist, does not generally belong to the exponents of physical science. This monograph on the result of a great man's labours is admirably done, with a fine sense of proportion, an instinct for what the general intelligent reading public can assimilate, and in a style business-like, lucid, and pleasant. No one is better able than Professor Foster to render account of the services of the great physiologist; and to distinguish between him and merely clever and industrious experimentalists. As an experimentalist he has probably never been rivalled, but the young man who came to Paris from his native Beaujolais with a tragedy in his pocket, never allowed his imagination to go to sleep after he embraced a scientific career. Hence his great constructive achievements.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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ARDUA.—Rather elementary. There is a want of life and reality. But if you persevere, especially as you are not over-ambitious, you may learn to write pleasant stories. When you have something really vigorous offer it to one of the weekly story papers. There is no reason why you should not send in paragraphs or reports of anything interesting. See that you suit the style of the paper you decide to try, and then persevere. Never be discouraged. Go on sending till something is accepted.

S. B. L.—Your lines show admirable feeling, but they are not remarkable as poetry. The ideas and expression are ordinary.

ASPIRANT.—There are so many fields that what you should study must depend on your own bent. But for journalistic work you must above all things be up to date. If you can write bright, fresh articles on topics of present public interest you should find a market for these among the periodicals. If you will write something—anything—whatever you feel most drawn to, and send it to me, perhaps I might advise you more definitely.

DUBIOUS.—I am not qualified to pronounce any opinion upon your method of cure, but I fear you would find it necessary to have your pamphlet carefully revised by a practised writer before sending it to press. It is badly arranged, full of repetitions, and the composition is hopelessly faulty. Could you not say all you have to say on an advertisement leaflet?

CUNCTATOR.—The verses have individuality, both in idea and phrasing. "Tennyson" and the first stanza of the "Song" I like particularly, also "Consolation," though it is not so well expressed. Whatever be their value as poetry, your pieces have the truth which is learned by experience.

H. M. W.—You express yourself admirably. I am no scientist, but I follow you with ease, so you may congratulate yourself upon lucidity. Evidently you are an enthusiastic student. You will find it greatly to your advantage to write such papers as this from time to time.

L. J. F.—No, your subject is not much better than the last, though you write fluently, and even eloquently upon it. But be careful about such sentences as that about the two little creatures who "emerged from a bedroom, which Mrs. M. caught up in her arms," etc. I think your general style has improved.

PHYLLOME.—Your verses are pleasing, and would fill an album leaf prettily.

TENTATIVE.—I am sorry I cannot encourage you to hope for very much from this effort. It lacks brightness, individuality, spontaneity, everything, in fact, that popular weeklies require. And in any case literature is not a paying profession except for the specially gifted or specially fortunate. Try to think of something else

L. J. B.—Scarcely marketable, I fear. The whole thing wants point. It is scarcely a story, only a series of incidents which hardly seem worth describing. Your writing may make a pleasant recreation; I do not think you should expect more from it.

K. MIDGLEY.—There is a remark about a steam roller in your story which convinces me that you have a genuine sense of humour. Therefore, I say, try again. This story is not very good, not nearly so good as the author of that steam roller comparison ought to write. The subject is a capital one for burlesque treatment, but yours does not sound spontaneous. It wants more freedom and "go." I should like to see another.

N. B. B.—Your story shows distinct power. It is not at all like the work of an amateur. You should offer it for publication. But do not feel discouraged if it is not at once accepted. It is in a style which some firms affect and others abjure. Observe the works issued by various publishers and choose accordingly. One word of suggestion. By all means be true to nature and humanity, but remember the distinction between realism and mere unreserve. For example, in your second chapter there occur some twenty lines descriptive of the minister's sermon which I should certainly omit. They do not affect the narrative, and your heroine's circumstances and the preacher's personality are sufficiently distinct without them. And regarded merely from the literary point of view they are on a lower level (especially towards the end) than the rest. The only other alteration I would suggest concerns the close, which is rather abrupt. Why not make a whole chapter out of the fire? It is a capital ending but you hardly give the reader time to realise what is going on.

TEMERITY.—You write well, but your story lags terribly. Out of twenty-two pages eleven are merely preamble. And after all nothing really happens, except that people are disappointed and made uncomfortable. Your excellent descriptive powers are only part of a story-teller's outfit. The first thing is to have something to tell.

TOADFLAX.—A very nice story, simply and correctly told. It would make a suitable Christmas story if you made the chief event happen on that day, and brought the little one home, say, on New Year's Day.

ALCESTE.—Good, picturesque writing. If for practice, continue certainly; but if for publication, I fear it is vain. Such passages come in appropriately in a highly imaginative and romantic volume, but you will scarcely get an editor to accept, much less pay for, an isolated "purple patch," however gorgeous.

C. M.—I admire your work and should like to see more of it. Pray send me a selection next time. There is a steady excellence about it, which offers little field for remark. It is not brilliant, but correct and thoughtful. The last three stanzas of the second poem are exceedingly musical and sweet. Omit "were" in stanza 14. "Little," too, does not fit very well, but is more difficult to get rid of. There is no need to apologise for the typewriting. For literary MSS. it is always to be preferred, and for formal business letters I fear we must learn to tolerate it.

CANADIAN.—Your essay is spoiled by its heavy and cumbrous style. It reads like the work of one who had acquired his writing-English from the reading of ancient and ponderous works on theology. Why such an evident preference for the Latin forms of ordinary words—"explication" for "explanation," "evited" for "avoided"? Surely to talk of "the Evil One's pre-emption in his ungulate eruptions" is carrying an erudite affectation too far. I scarcely think you could get it placed. The subject has been much written about.

A fresher theme and a simpler style would improve your chances of getting into print.

FOREST HILL.—It is well that you have learned to think so wisely. Only do not give True Love a Sorrowful Countenance. The Self-Sacrifice, Patience, and Tenderness are quite right, but these are just what should forbid the selfish indulgence of a Sorrowful Countenance. Allegories are easy to write after a fashion, but difficult to write well. Yours shows sincere feeling and a certain fluency, but I do not find any special sign of literary aptitude in it.

R. S.—You do possess the art in a considerable degree. In fact, you tell your story better than you plan it. There are some excellent touches in this one—chiefly in describing the Irishman, but you want more motive for the incident of the second flat iron. The "sort of thing" is just what the reading public *do* like, and your special knowledge should prove of great advantage to you. Go on writing and placing your stories and sketches wherever you can.

J. A. L.—There is no doubt as to your lurid power. Your verses have made me shudder. But you will never earn a living by verse-making. You might succeed with sensational fiction. If you have any stories, please send me one. Then I might be able to advise you. I am very sorry for your unfortunate circumstances.

THEOCRITUS.—The poem is very pretty, but I fear it cannot be used as you suggest. You might offer it to any magazine that publishes poetry.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHARLES, Rev. Dr. R. H.—A Critical History of the Doctrines of a Future Life, 15/- ..... A. & C. Black

DARLOW, T. H.—The Print of the Nail's, 1/6 ..... Hodder

DRUMMOND, H.—The New Evangelism and Other Papers, 5/-.Hodder

GORE, Dr. G.—The Scientific Basis of Morality, 10/6....Sonnenschein

IVY, Prof. C. H.—The Book of Proverbs. (Inter. Crit. Commentary), 12/- ..... T. & T. Clark

KARNEY, G.—Church Questions, 3/6 ..... Stock
[*A series of sermons on the burning questions of the day by the Vicar of St. John's, Paddington. The author's attitude is strongly Protestant.*]

MACLAREN, Rev. Dr. A.—Leaves from the Tree of Life, 5/-..Isbister
[*A new collection of Dr. Alexander Maclaren's striking and suggestive sermons.*]

RAMSAY, Prof. W. M.—A Historical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, 12/- ..... Hodder

SMITH, Rev. Dr. J.—Christian Character as a Social Power, 3/6 Hodder

STARBUCK, Prof. E. D.—The Psychology of Religion, 6/- .....Scott

STREANE, Rev. Dr. A. W.—Ecclesiastes: or, The Preacher, 1/6 Methuen
[*A new volume of the Churchman's Bible. Dr. Streane's commentary is scholarly and suggestive, and his chapters on Modern Pessimism particularly interesting.*]

WATKINSON, Rev. W. L.—The Blind Spot, 3/6 ..... H. Marshall
[*A new volume in the Present Day Preachers Series, and one of the most striking and remarkable collection of sermons we have read for a long time. There is an admirable portrait of Mr. Watkinson as a frontispiece.*]

NEW EDITION.

MOULTON, Prof. R. G.—The Literary Study of the Bible, 10/6..Isbister
[*A new edition of Prof. Moulton's valuable and suggestive work.*]

FICTION.

ADAMS, H.—A Virtue of Necessity, 3/6.....Greening
[*An unpleasant and rather foolish story. The author's attempts at witty conversation are not successful.*]

ATHERTON, G.—The Valiant Runaways, 5/-.....Nisbet
[*See p.* 120.]

BALFOUR, A.—Vengeance is Mine, 6/- .....Methuen
[*See p.* 119.]

BANGS, J. K.—The Enchanted Type Writer, 2/- .....Harper
[*A vulgar and unedifying story. Mr. Bangs can write humorously, but the humour of the enchanted typewriter is of the same class as that heard on his "Houseboat on the Styx," and it is humour we do not appreciate, indeed, dislike intensely.*]

BENNETT, TESTA.—Tiptail ..... Lamley & Co.
[*The adventures of this remarkable kitten will, we feel sure, form a very popular addition to the list of nursery story books.*]

BRAY, C.—Chattel or Wife, 6/- ..... Sands
[*The story of a young Englishwoman who marries an Indian only superficially Europeanised, and the unhappy consequences thereof.*]

BREMONT, Comtesse de—A Son of Africa, 6/-..... Greening

BURNETT, F. H.—In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim, 6/- Warne
[*See p.* 119.]

BURROW, C. K.—The Lifted Shadow, 2/-.....Bowden

COBB, T.—The Judgment of Helen, 6/-..... Lane
[*See p.* 120.]

CORNISH, F. W.—Sunningwell, 6/-.....Constable
[*See p.* 121.]

CRAWFORD, F. M.—Via Crucis, 6/- ..... Macmillan
[*See p.* 121.]

CRESWICKE, L.—Roxane, 6/- .....Cassell
[*Mr. Creswicke tell a wonderful story—almost too wonderful. Where East and West commingle in fiction, the artistic result is seldom satisfactory. But if chivalrous Englishmen and beautiful Turkish slaves, eccentric peers, and modern necromancers were enough of themselves to make good romance, there would be no lack of it in "Roxane."*]

DAVENANT, P.—Wise in his Generation, 6/- .....Long

DAVIS, R. H.—The Lion and the Unicorn, 6/-.....Heinemann
[*See p.* 120.]

DAWE, C.—Rose and Chrysanthemum, 3/6.....Sands
[*A collection of short stories by the clever author of "The Mandarin." They are full of the strange fascination of the East, the East that Mr. Carlton Dawe knows so well, and whose atmosphere he can reproduce so admirably. Sad and tragic, and in some instances terrible stories, but such tales as haunt the memory. Mr. Carlton Dawe has never done stronger work.*]

DUNNING, J. THOMSON.—The Two Pools, 3/6 ....Unwin
[*A very pretty story for children. The illustrations, by the author, are charmingly original.*]

EAGAR, A.—The Beautiful Evil, 6/-.....Sands
[*Mr. Eagar has crowded his book, an Indian story, with Eastern horrors and sensations. He has overworked his own imagination too much to conquer that of his readers.*]

GERARD, D.—One Year, 6/-.....Blackwood

GRANT, S.—Trespassers Who Were Prosecuted, 2/6.....Digby

HENTY, G. A.—The Lost Heir, 6/- .....James Bowden
[*The plot of "The Lost Heir" is fairly well worked out, and a certain excitement is maintained, but we prefer Mr. Henty in his healthier and more natural stories.*]

HINKSON, H. A.—The King's Deputy, 6/- ..... Lawrence

HOWARD, Lady M.—The Undoing of John Brewster, 6/- ..Longmans

HUME, F.—The Red Headed Man, 6/- .....Digby
[*Fergus Hume always knows how to tell the story of a mysterious crime, where the "last man expected" is always the culprit, and everything turns out as it should at the last page. "The Red Headed Man" is hardly equal to his best, but it is a capital book for a railway journey or an odd hour.*]

HUSSEY, E.—Just Jannock, 6/- ..... Macqueen
[*Readers are likely to take a lively interest in the athletic, lively, capable, and straightforward heroine of this book. The story, though not generally up to her level, is a wholesome and readable one.*]

JELLETT, DORA.—Elsa, the Wind Child, 1/6..Gardner, Darton & Co.
[*A charming story, that girls, with their vivid imagination, will thoroughly appreciate. The parable told to Elsa by "Seawind" is one of remarkable beauty.*]

KIMMINS, G. T.—Polly of Parker's Rents, 3/6.....Bowden

LAFARGUE, P.—The Forsaken Way, 6/-.....Hurst & Blackett

LINDSAY, H.—An Up-to-Date Parson, 3/6 .....Bowden

LONGSTAFF, W. L.—The Tragedy of the Lady Palmist, 2/6..Greening
[*An unprofitable, unpleasant book.*]

MASSON, R.—The Transgressors, 6/- .....Hodder
[*See p.* 118.]

MATHEW, F.—One Queen Triumphant, 6/- .....Lane
[*See p.* 121.]

MCMANUS, B.—Told in the Twilight, 2/6 .....Pearson

MEADOWS, A. M.—The Eye of Fate, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock
[*A story of murder and mystery freely besprinkled with italics, in which the very ancient device of a photograph of the retina plays a principal part. Of course, the innocent is found guilty, but there is at least one touch of originality in the story when the judge himself "throws open the door of the dock" and asks pardon of the woman he has sentenced.*]

MOORE, A.—The Gay Deceivers (The Novelist, No. VII.), 6d. Methuen

MUDDOCK, J. E.—The Golden Idol, 3/6 .....Chatto
[*A stirring story of adventure of the good old type. The title of the second chapter, "The Valley of Black and Crimson Death," strikes the keynote of the tale, which is crammed with shocks and shudders. All healthy boys will delight in the book, which contains, moreover, not a little interesting information about little known people and countries.*]

MUNROE, K.—Forward, March !..... Harper
[*The Spanish-American war has already invaded the realms of fiction. Mr. Munroe's story is one of breathless adventure, and gives, moreover, a capital account of the war.*]

NETTERVILLE, L.—The Queen of the World ..... Lawrence
[*An exciting story of the wildly impossible type, of aerial ships, sky pirates, and masked fortresses. Such novels attained a great popularity a short time back, but we confess we are tired of them. And Mr. Netterville does not possess Mr. H. G. Wells' power of convincing his readers that nothing is even improbable. The whole book reads like an exaggerated nightmare.*]

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—Folly and Fresh Air, 3/6.....Hurst & Blackett
[*Mr. Eden Phillpotts has succeeded in writing a thoroughly breezy book. We do not care for the sudden change of tense which he constantly uses, but a really amusing book is so rare a production that its value can hardly be affected by slight eccentricities.*]

PRICHARD, K. and H.—Ghosts, 6/- ..... Pearson
[*Christmas literature would be incomplete without a volume of ghost stories, and those contained in this new book by K. and H. Prichard are the best and most thrilling we have read for a long time. There is a real long-drawn shudder in each tale. But are not such stories somewhat beneath the very real talent of the authors of that capital romance, "A Modern Mercenary"?*]

RODNEY, H.—A Treble Soloist, 6/-.....Digby
[*A very commonplace story of a boy soloist. The names of the characters—Dr. Thumper, Lady Sugartongs, Mr. Cornet-a-Piston, Messrs. Nicnac and Objetdart, etc.—offer a fair summary of the value and interest of the novel.*]

ROPER, E.—A Claim on Klondyke, 6/- ..... Blackwood
[*A story which reads like a transcript from real experience. It is brightly written, and contains an admirable and most pathetic account of the terrible life of prospectors in the Arctic Eldorado. A love story runs through the narrative, and all ends happily, with wedding bells and the success of the claim.*]

SAGON, A.—When George the Third was King, 6/- .....Sand
[*See p.* 119.]

SEAWELL, M. E.—The Lively Adventures of Gavin Hamilton, 6/- Harper
[*A stirring and picturesque war story of Silesia in 1757. The illustrations are of uncommon merit.*]

SHARP, E.—The Other Side of the Sun, illus. by N. Syrett, 6/-..Lane
[*Miss Evelyn Sharp is among the most successful tellers of children's stories, and her new book is in every way delightful. Miss Syrett's illustrations are the best of the kind we have seen this year.*]

SIMEON, A. B.—The Boys of Barminster, 1/-..Gardner, Darton & Co.
[*The ever welcome story of school life, with all the usual incidents, including the indispensable mystery of stolen money. It is brightly written and thoroughly wholesome.*]
SPEIGHT, T. W.—Mora, 6/-.....Greening
SWIFT, B.—Dartnell (Pioneer Serie), 2,6.....Heinemann
[*See p.* 120.]
THACKERAY, W. M.—Vanity Fair. (New Century Library) ..Nelson
THOMAS. A.—The Siren's Web, 3/6.....Chatto
TURGENEV, I.—A Desperate Character, trans. C. Garnett, 3/-
Heinemann
WALFORD, C.B., Sir PATRICK.—The Puddock, 6/- .....Pearson
WISE, J. S.—Diomed, 7/6 ....Macmillan
WRIGHT, M. O.—Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts, 6/-.Macmillan
[*This is a children's book altogether out of the common rut. In the form of a fairy story it tells of the wonders of the outside world, and it is certainly one of the most charming of children's nature books. The author is a well known naturalist, and her fantastic stories appeal strongly to children's imagination, and are moreover distinctly instructive.*]
WRIGHT, M. O.—Wabeno, the Magician, 6/- ..... Macmillan
[*A companion volume to "Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts," written in the same style, and giving in an attractive setting a vast amount of information about flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, etc.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

BRONTE, C.—Shirley (Haworth Edition), 6/- .....Smith, Elder
DICKENS, C.—Christmas Books, Vol. I. (Temple Ed), 1/6 .....Dent
DICKENS, C.—Nicholas Nickleby. (New Century Library).....Nelson
SMART, H.—From Post to Finish, 6d. .....Ward, Lock
[*A new edition of Hawley Smart's ever popular sporting novel. The book, with its bright cover and excellent pictures, is a marvel of cheapness.*]
VENNEL, Rev. R.—Driven into the Ranks, 1/- ..... S. S. Union
[*A third edition of the capital temperance story which recently won the £100 prize.*]
WHYTE-MELVILLE, G. J.—Satanella, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock
[*A new volume in Messrs. Ward, Lock's beautiful edition of Whyte-Melville, an edition which every Bookman should have on his shelves.*]

GIFT BOOKS.

Chatterbox Christmas Box, 1/- .....Wells Gardner
[*The Chatterbox Christmas Box is the very best children's Christmas box we know of. It is full of excellent and lively tales and is beautifully illustrated.*]
GRAHAME, K.—The Golden Age, 6/- .....Lane
GRAYL, D.—Nonsense Numbers and Jocular Jingles, Illus. by W. J. Morgan, 3/6 .....Greening
[*A very miscellaneous collection of nonsense verses, some of which are distinctly good, and some of which are quite the opposite. The illustrations are not very striking or even amusing.*]
HASSALL, J., and ALDIN, C.—Two Well-Worn Shoe Stories....Sands
[*This delightful book contains some of the best pictures for children the year has produced. The illustrations for "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe" are irresistibly comic, and are moreover exceptionally artistic productions.*]
HUTCHINSON, Rev. H. N.—Primeval Scenes, (Illus. by J. Hassall and Fred V. Burridge), 6/- .....Lamley
[*Mr. Hutchinson's Commentary on the Primeval Scenes is excellent reading, but we are afraid the pictures must suffer irretrievably by comparison with Mr. Reed's splendid creations. Mr. Hassall's drawings may be much more accurate—we are quite willing to accept Mr. Hutchinson's assurance on this point—and Mr. Reed's may be quite impossible—but they are inimitably funny.*

NEW EDITION.

YOUNG, G.—The Wild Pigs, 3/6.....Sonnenschein
[*A new edition of a very amusing and entertaining story for the very little ones. The illustrations are very spirited, and the book is prettily produced.*]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ARBER, Prof. E.—The Pope Anthology, 1701-44, 2/6 .....Frowde
[*The new volume of Prof. Arber's delightful British Anthologies. The selection, needless to say, is excellent, and the publishers have done their part admirably. Altogether the British Anthologies when completed—and the end is now in sight—will be by far the fullest and most comprehensive of all such collections of British verse.*]
ARNOLD, M.—Poems with Introduction by A. C. Benson, Illus. by Henry Ospovat, 6/- .....Lane
[*A beautiful edition. The illustrations are bold and striking and worthy of close study.*]
BAILEY, J. C.—English Elegies, 5/- .....Lane
[*A new volume of the beautiful Bodley Head Anthologies. The editor contributes a scholarly and interesting preface, and the selection is excellent and thoroughly representative. We do not quite understand, however, why a chronological order has not been observed, for such an arrangement would, we think, have made the volume easier for reference. A few more notes to the poems would have been serviceable. It is not every reader who knows what October 6th, 1892, stands for.*]
BENNET, E. A.—Polite Farces.....Lamley
GOWRING, Mrs. A.—Boadicea, 3/6 ..... Kegan Paul
[*Boadicea, a serious-minded drama in blank verse, will, we fear, be neglected for the verses that follow, which may be recommended for popular recitation. Their subjects—"The Rescue of Khartoum," "Martin Sprague, A Fireman's Story," etc., make a wide appeal.*]
HIATT, C.—Henry Irving, 7/6 .....Bell
[*Mr. Hiatt has followed up his book on Ellen Terry with a companion volume on Sir Henry Irving. It is a capital biography of the great actor. The earlier chapters are particularly interesting, dealing as they do with his early theatrical career, and the portraits, many of them published for the first time, with which the book is so liberally illustrated, are all admirable. It is just the book which every admirer of Sir Henry Irving will delight in, and, we hope, hasten to purchase. Mr. Hiatt has done his work well, and we are glad to note that he has not hesitated to include unfavourable criticisms of well-known critics in his estimate of Irving's acting.*]
MORISON, J.—Sabbath Songs and Sonnets and By-Way Ballads, 3/6
Blackwood
[*The religious verse in this little collection is hardly distinguished, although the poems contain not a few striking lines. There is a swing and a pretty lilt in the Scotch ballads.*]
PHILLIPS, S.—Faolo and Francesca, 4/6 .....Lane
[*See p.* 114.]
WAGNER, H. A.—The Dream of Orsino.....Hodder Brothers

NEW EDITIONS.

DANTE, ALIGHIERI—The New Life, Trans. by D. G. Rossetti, 2/6
Ellis and Elvey
(*Messrs. Ellis and Elvey's edition of Rossetti's Translation of Dante lacks something when compared with the beautiful Temple reprints. It does not open well and the type is too thin. Still this reissue of a beautiful book is very welcome.*]
SHAKESPEARE, W.—Works, Vols. 1 and 2 (Larger Temple Edition), 4/6 each.....Dent
[*This large edition of the delightful Temple Shakespeare is most welcome. Needless to say it is a triumph of printers' and binders' art. The notes, which are much fuller than in the small edition, are admirable.*]
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[*The latest addition to the beautiful Golden Treasury Series, the volumes of which have an honoured place on every discerning bookman's shelves.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

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Beacon Biographies. Daniel Webster, by N. Hapgood. J. R. Lowell, by E. E. Hale. Phillips Brooks, by M. A. De W. Howe. Robert E. Lee, by W. P. Trent. David G. Farragut, by J. Barnes, 2/6 each .....Kegan Paul
[*The Beacon Biographies are in every way admirable. Written by the first authorities, tastefully printed and bound and convenient in form, they should command a great sale.*]
BELL, Mrs. A.—Representative Painters of the Nineteenth Century
Low
BROGLIE, Duc de.—Saint Ambrose, with Preface by G. Tyrrell, 3/-
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BUTLER, H. C.—Scotland's Ruined Abbeys, 12/- .....Macmillan
CHRISTIAN, F. W.—The Caroline Islands .....Methuen
[*A good deal of interest has lately been centred in the Caroline Islands, and Mr. Christian's account of the islands and their inhabitants is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of mysterious Polynesia and especially interesting to scientists.*]
COCK, Mrs. A.—The Life of Madame de Longueville, 7/6
Smith, Elder
CRUTTWELL, M. LUCA SIGNORELLI.—(Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture), 5/- .....Bell
DAVIS, Lieut.-Col. N. N.—The Transvaal and the Queen, 6/-....Sands
[*A popular and vigorously written history of Lieut.-Colonel Newnham Davis' experiences in the Transvaal twenty years ago. The author modestly says that he "rubbed shoulders with the men who were making history." He did more, for he watched men and events with the seeing eye; his reminiscences are full of just the things that people like to hear about in these seething times. "The Transvaal and the Queen" is really a valuable contribution to our knowledge of South African men and manners.*]
DIETRICH, A., and WIDMANN, J. V.—Recollections of Johannes Brahms, 6/- ....Seeley
[*It is curious that no biography of Brahms has ever been issued. These interesting reminiscences of the great musician are sure to find favour among the host of his English admirers. The translation is excellent.*]
DRUMMOND, Rev. J. S.—Charles A. Berry, D.D., 6/-.....Cassell
[*See p.* 124.]
DURAND, Col. A.—The Making of a Frontier, 16/-.....Murray
FINNEMORE, J.—Fairy Stories from the Little Mountain, 2/6..Melrose
[*The Little Mountain was in Wales, the home of some of the most beautiful fairy stories in the world, and Mr. Finnemore has evidently found his inspiration for this delightful collection in Welsh legends. The book is a real addition to fairy literature, one of the best books of the kind the year has produced. The illustrations are excellent.*]
FITZGERALD, E. A.—The Highest Andes .....Methuen
FITZSIMON, Rev. J. A. and V. A.—The Gods of Old, 10/6 ....Unwin
FOSTER, Prof. Sir M., and LANKESTER, Prof. E. Ray.—The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley, in 4 vols., Vol. II., 30/-.. .....Macmillan
GRENIER, E.—Literary Reminiscences. Translated by Mrs. A. Ram, 6/- .....A. & C. Black
HADDEN, J. C.—Thomas Campbell. (Famous Scots Series.) 1/6
Oliphant
[*See p.* 115.]
HAPGOOD, N.—Abraham Lincoln, 7/6 .....Macmillan
HUME, M. A. S.—Modern Spain. (Story of the Nations.) 5/-
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HUNT, W.—A History of the English Church from its Foundation to the Norman Conquest, 597-1066, 5/-.....Macmillan
JEFFERSON, R. L.—A New Ride to Khiva, 6/-.....Methuen
[*See p.* 124.]
KOLLMANN, P.—The Victoria Nyanza, 7/6 .....Sonnenschein
LACY, G.—Pictures of Travel, Sport, and Adventure, 15/- ....Pearson
[*See p.* 125.]
LAWRENCE, A.—Sir Arthur Sullivan, Life Story, Letters, and Reminiscences, 6/- .....Bowden
[*See p.* 115.]
MCKENDRICK, J. G.—Hermann von Helmholtz. (Masters of Medicine). 10/6..... .....Unwin
[*Professor M'Kendrick has rendered a valuable service to all interested in science and medicine and indeed in the progress of modern thought, in writing this excellent memoir of one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century. The book is a splendid record of*

scientific discovery and invention, and gives, too, an attractive picture of Helmholtz as a man.]

MONTAGU, I.—Things I Have Seen in War, 6/-.....Chatto
[*Mr. Irving Montagu was for many years the war artist-correspondent of the "Illustrated London News," and his reminiscences are exciting and excellent reading. It must not be thought for a moment that he writes only of the grim and terrible realities of the warfare he has witnessed, indeed his book is full of amusing anecdotes of the people he has met under strange conditions. At the present juncture interest is centered round the "Special Correspondents" and the experiences of one of the foremost of living war correspondents are heartily welcome. Mr. Montagu is as graphic with his pen as with his pencil.*]

PAUL, C. K.—Memories, 6/- .....Kegan Paul

PIERSON, C. D.—Among the Farmyard People, 5/- .....Murray

PIERSON, C. D.—Among the Forest People, 5/-.....Murray
[*We recommend these two volumes by Mrs. Pierson to all in search of presents for children. They are a collection of tales of forest and farm folk, of insects, birds and beasts told by themselves in simple language and abound in charming touches.*]

RUSSELL, Sir E.—That Reminds Me, 12/- .....Unwin
[*See p.* 115.]

SCOTT, C.—The Drama of Yesterday and To-day, 2 vols., 36/- Macmillan

SCOTT, G. FIRTH.—From Franklin to Nansen, 3/6 .....Bowden
[*A series of stories of Arctic adventure based on the original narratives of the explorers. The stories are brightly and well re-told, and the book will make a capital present for any boy.*]

SHOEMAKER, M. M.—Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires, 10/6 Putnams
[*A gossipy and entertaining collection of travel papers. The chapters on Manilla are particularly interesting. The illustrations are admirable.*]

SMITH, W. A.—Temperate Chile, 10/6.....A. & C. Black

STEPHENS, Rev. W. R. W.—A Memoir of Richard Durnford, D.D., 16/- .....Murray

ST. JOHN, Sir S.—Rajah Brooke. (Builders of Great Britain), 5/- Unwin
[*Among the "Builders of Great Britain" Rajah Brooke stands out a unique and supremely interesting personality. The account of the man and his work given in this volume is more than interesting. It reads like a fascinating romance.*]

STURT, Mrs. N. G.—Life of Charles Stuart, 16/- .....Smith, Elder

SWETTENHAM, Sir F. A.—The Real Malay. (Pen Pictures.) 6/-..Lane
[*See p.* 125.]

The Life of John Mills .....Manchester Sherrard & Hughes
["*The Life of John Mills,*" *the well-known banker and author of "Vox Humana," contains many chapters of great interest to bookmen. In the course of his career Mr. John Mills came into contact with many interesting people and the letters printed in this volume are a real contribution to literary history.*]

WEST, Sir A.—Recollections, 1832-1886, 2 vols., 21/- ....Smith, Elder
[*See p.* 115.]

WOOD, C. W.—In the Valley of the Rhone, 10/- .....Macmillan

WOODWARD, W. H.—The Expansion of the British Empire. (Camb. Series for School and Training Colleges.) 4/- Camb. Univ. Press
[*An admirable and indeed invaluable work on the principles governing British Expansion from 1500 to 1700. It is not merely a history of British Colonies, an examination cram book, but a finely suggestive and striking review of the broad underlying principles of expansion to be studied in connection with and as commentary on the dry facts of history.*]

ZURBRIGGEN, M.—From the Alps to the Andes, 10/6 .....Unwin

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